new Masses

MARCH 6, 1934

10c

One Year of the New Deal

A Reply to Johnson

By BILL DUNNE

Hitler's Rivals Get the Idea

By JOHN STRACHEY

St. Louis Artists Win

By ORRICK JOHNS

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America Is Moving Toward...

COMMUNISM

Says CLARENCE A. HATHAWAY,
Member Central Committee
Communist Party of America
and Editor, The Daily Worker

FASCISM

Says LAWRENCE DENNIS,
Former Secretary, in United
States Diplomatic Service and
associate editor, The Awakener

Chairman: FRANK PALMER,
Director, Federated Press

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New Masses

MARCH 6, 1934

ON Feb. 18 the secretary of the Soviet embassy called at the foreign office in Berlin with passports signed and stamped with the hammer and sickle. They were for the three Bulgarian revolutionaries, Dimitroff, Taneff and Popoff who, during the Reichstag fire trial had won the undying love of the world proletariat and the begrudged admiration of even the Nazis. The Soviet Embassy informed the German government that the U.S.S.R. had granted citizenship to the three Communists. This was done on the request of the prisoners' relatives. Bulgaria had refused to recognize them as Bulgarian citizens; the Workers' Fatherland thereupon claimed its own. On Feb. 27 the three revolutionaries were flying toward a tremendous reception in Moscow. They had been bundled into a passenger plane by Hitler's secret police after Leo Chinchuk, Soviet Ambassador, had earlier that day determined to demand an official explanation of the German government's continued delay in freeing the three Soviet citizens. Dimitroff's final remark to the bullying police agent was classic. Hitler's agent told Dimitroff if he remained quiet and "objective" he "might be permitted to return to Germany." "When I come back to Germany it will be as the guest of the German Soviet Republic," the Communist replied. We should like to know Goering's state of mind at this moment. He had thundered at Dimitroff in true Wodinesque rage "Wait till I get you outside this court." Goering had had his chance; what had intervened? What *deus ex machina* set free the three prisoners who two months ago were doomed to death? First of all, mass pressure throughout the world; second, the intervention of the Soviet state power. Now all must turn to the support of Thaelmann, Torgler and the thousands in the concentration camps.

THE BIG DEBATE

Mogen

WHEN members of the House Labor Committee listened to Mary Van Kleeck discuss the Lundeen Workers' Unemployment and Insurance Bill they exposed themselves to the danger of absorbing some revolutionary principles. Basing her analysis on her twenty-nine years of research and administrative experience, the Director of Industrial Studies of the Russell Sage Foundation gave six reasons why only the Workers' bill meets the present needs: (1) it includes all unemployed workers, (2) provides for funds to come from taxation on large incomes, (3) will operate at once, (4) lays no burden on workers' earnings, (5) sets no time limit on receipt of compensation, and (6) will be administered by workers and farmers. Citing Department of Labor statistics to show how industry is failing to restore purchasing power, she demonstrated how the consumers' market will continue to be restricted, and how *increased unemployment must result.* Federal taxation on incomes of persons and corporations and on inheritances and gifts (provided by the Workers' bill) would divert money from investment channels into purchasing power, "thus serving to bring about the much-needed new distribution of consumers' purchasing power." In ludicrous contrast to Miss Van Kleeck's irrefutable analysis was the "plan" of Prof. Wilford King of New York University who advocated longer hours and smaller wages as the key to prosperity. Even some of the committee members guffawed.

JUST a year after he disbanded his forces and turned in most of his arms, General Augusto Sandino has been assassinated, together with his brother and two aides, by Nicaraguan National Guardsmen. The question of completely disarming was under discussion; Sandino and his party were returning from a "friendly" visit with President Sacasa, when they were taken from their car, hurried to a flying field, and mown down with machine guns. The significant portion of Sandino's career was behind him. That his enemies regarded him as a latent danger, and

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that they took this atrociously treacherous way of removing the danger does not alter the fact that when Sandino came to an agreement with the American-owned Sacasa government a year ago he wrote finis to a career notable for one outstanding result: the proof that militant action is the only answer to imperialist aggression. Of political theory he had little, and of social program less; it would be a mistake to regard Sandino as a proletarian leader. He was a nationalist first, last and all the time, with actually less of a guiding political doctrine than Pancho Villa, who claimed to represent the Mexican peon's hunger for the land. But his gallant and resourceful leadership of his small army, the repeated defeats he inflicted on the greatest military power of the Western world, make Sandino's record illustrious and illuminating; he gave imperialism the most serious setback it has ever received in the western hemisphere.

THE March 4 debate—"Communism vs. Fascism"—between Clarence Hathaway and Lawrence Dennis represents not only the first forum on this subject that New York has had, but a telling juxtaposition of personalities as well. Hathaway, editor of the Daily Worker, is one of the most brilliant exponents of Marxism-Leninism; Dennis, an editor of the Awakener, is an avowed leader of American Fascists. Hathaway was a machinist and one-time business agent of an A.F. of L. Machinists Union in Minneapolis. Dennis was a secretary in the United States diplomatic service, and later connected with the Seligman banking firm when it made many loans to tottering South American governments. Hathaway recently testified before a Congressional committee in the Daily Worker exposé of secret Nazi plottings. Dennis in a recent revelatory article has testified to the shaky nature of the Seligman loans. The debate begins at 3 p. m. at Mecca Temple (130 West 55th Street), with Frank Palmer, Director of the Federated Press, as chairman.

THE Scottsboro defense fights on, gathering new adherents all the time. In San Francisco a gala benefit is being held: scores of artists and writers from all classes contributing paintings, drawings, and manuscripts—proceeds for Scottsboro defense. In New York City the first audiences of

the 30,000 Theatre Guild subscribers are witnessing John Wexley's stirring dramatization of the Scottsboro case, *They Shall Not Die*. While new numbers from the intellectual and middle classes grow aware of the issues at stake, the working class through the International Labor Defense continues its battle against unparalleled opposition. On a framed technicality Judge Callahan (Feb. 24) denied the motion for a new trial. Having extended time to Feb 24, he now claims he had no authority to do so; whereupon the work of preparing appeal, normally requiring sixty days, must be done in six. The deliberate attempt on the part of this notorious Negro-baiting judge to mislead and prevent appeal is being broadcast to the entire world. Over seventy countries will hold protest meetings; mass demonstrations are in preparation all over the United States. With increased support, and more determined than ever, the working class of the world continues its tireless three-year battle to save the Scottsboro boys.

NEGRO writers were jim-crowed last week in the very room in which they were covering an august and apparently earnest Senate subcommittee proceeding on behalf of their race. During a noon recess one well-known Negro research worker and writer strolled down the hall to the restaurant, in the Senate Office Building, and was ejected by Capital police. Yet when two of the witnesses attempted to show the relation between such happenings and the evil under consideration, they were driven from the stand with an angry epithet: "Communist!" Thus the Senate Judiciary Subcommittee headed by Senator Van Nuys of Indiana investigated lynching. The hearing was on the so-called anti-lynching bill drafted by the reformist National Association for the Advancement of Colored People and introduced by the prominent liberals, Senators Costigan of Colorado and Wagner of New York. This bill would declare lynching a crime under Federal statute and require the United States to prosecute state officials who fail to punish lynchers. It projects some mystic efficacy of federal statute agencies into a situation which has defied similar laws in exactly eleven states. Because it is directed against activities of "mobs" (defined as "three or more persons acting without authority of law") it could be used, admitted Simeon E. Sobeloff, United States Attorney for the District of Maryland, against strikers who might commit assault without, of course, any intent to lynch.

MOST of the witnesses excoriated lynching as a barbaric brutality aimed directly at the Negro people—and then declared with Olympian finality that the Costigan-Wagner bill would abolish it. Arthur Garfield Hays, the lawyer, indirectly stated the problem, saying, "I the victims of lynching had been of a different *class* obviously something would have been done about it." He said also that when Nazis defended their own pogroms by pointing to the lynchings in our Southern states he answered that there were no discriminations against Negroes "under our law," though he confessed, "I was hardly satisfied with my answer." Yet Mr. Hays and a host of witnesses would settle the lynching problem by inscribing against it another law. One which would not touch the roots of the evil in the multiple, *already illegal*, discriminations against Negroes, such as the denial of the right to vote—a law which according to its own sponsors would simply stimulate "fair" trials for Negroes in the place of outright lynchings. James W. Ford, Negro Communist leader, appeared for the League of Struggle for Negro Rights, and Bernard Ades, white Baltimore counsel of Euel Lee was spokesman for the International Labor Defense. Ford and Ades, however, were both ordered from the stand for attempting to turn the hearing into a "propaganda forum." The anti-lynching bill was brought forward by the N.A.A.C.P. in an effort to recoup the following it lost

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in the crucial Scottsboro test. Walter White, Secretary, obliquely admitted as much when he warned the Subcommittee that they'd better see his nostrum through — or radical "propaganda" would get the Negroes! Both Ford and Ades explained that they did *not* oppose federal anti-lynching legislation. However, they proposed legislation meaning business, a Civil Rights for Negroes bill which would decree death to lynchers and would validate the Fourteenth and Fifteenth Amendments.

ARMAGEDDON is near! So says the Catholic, Father Flemming, speaking to the Knights of Columbus. The battle lines are forming in "the rotting kingdom of the world." The final conflict between the forces of righteousness and those of Anti-Christ is now at hand. And it all goes back to Martin Luther, in this Father's mind. His logic is clear and simple. Luther is the father of glorified modern individualism. This arrogant individualism produced capitalism. Capitalism produces Socialism and Communism. Therefore the battle of the Holy Church against Communism is the concluding chapter in this world historical drama of the City of God. Would that all the clergy saw the struggle as clearly as this one does! Their working-class followers could then easily see where the church stands. The church like the state will fight with all its force against the danger of succumbing before a victorious working-class. Priests in Vienna went from door to door recruiting volunteers to fight the Socialists. Catholic Workers' clubs are being organized in New York to combat the inroads of Communism. The Knights of Columbus are being prepared ideologically for the coming battle. The world is being divided into two camps, Father Flemming sees: "an extreme Communism, anti-human and anti-God, and the Church of Christ, divinely fashioned to encompass and protect the archives of God's revelations." The workers will decide which they are more interested in: the protection of God's archives or a decent human life, freed from capitalist exploitation.

OVER 1,325 Americans were reported arrested in January for militant activity in the class war, for having done something toward ending hunger, misery and exploitation in the eleventh month of Roosevelt's new deal. These 1,325 (probably a third of the actual number) took part in labor organizing, strike-struggles, demonstrations, leaflet-distribution; and another twenty-two reported arrests involve racial or national oppression. Quite aware of the political significance of these prisoners, the government herds them in with murderers, thieves, perverts, and summarily labels them "criminals." But the working class fights for their recognition as political prisoners in the class-war; for their legal defense, for their right to read what they want to, receive visitors, correspond freely, etc. Backed by growing mass support, the National Committee for the Defense of Political Prisoners is now launching a nation-wide campaign *to force legal recognition of political prisoners*—a move of first importance in view of the administration's increased aggression against labor: controlling unemployed in C.C.C. and C.W.A. projects, aiding treacherous A.F. of L. leaders, increasing anti-worker company-unions. With the government threatening workers from its new position as employer and labor-controller, the number of labor-struggle prisoners must increase. Compelling recognition of class-war prisoners as political prisoners *now,* will counteract their wholesale imprisonment during the approaching period of increased class-war tension.

SIR PHILIP GIBBS, in a dispatch from Paris, shows, for a liberal, remarkable acumen in sizing up the economic and political situation in Europe. He sees the parliamentary system as one which allows for compromise. Without it there is the peril of revolution. All that Fascism can do is to compel "determined forces" to go underground, "and that is the most dangerous place into which they can be driven." Obviously, he means by all this, that only under parliamentarism is it possible for Socialists and Right labor leaders to temporize and compromise, betraying the interests of the masses. In short, here we have the remarkable example of a liberal fearing Fascism because it will lead to a Communist revolution. But Sir Philip's discernment extends even further. The leaders of the Fascist armies of youth, he says, "depend for their support and loyalty upon one incalculable factor. Can they find food and work for hungry men? Can they sell more goods abroad? Can they defeat an enemy against whom machine guns and high explosives are useless?" This is the enemy's arithmetic. Gibbs knows that neither race hatred, nor sterilization, nor slogans, nor banners can decide these issues, but only the economic sit-

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uation of Europe. Can Fascism solve the economic contradictions of the capitalist system, is what, in substance, Gibbs asks. And he points out that "at the moment, Fascism is working on unbalanced budgets." This is a healthy lesson for those who see Fascism as the solution of our ills. The Communists know that in this struggle for power, the invincible forces of economics are with them.

TO those protesting the Rockefeller destruction of the mural in Radio City which contained the portrait of Lenin, a similar episode in St. Louis is of particular interest. On the unveiling of the completed mural by Joe Jones and his unemployed art students, described in Orrick Johns' article in this issue, a provocative interview in a local newspaper was the signal for a police attack on the old Courthouse studio of the worker artists. Twenty plainclothes men and patrolmen milled around the room and threatened destruction. They were met by a large group of workers, assembled to defend the mural, and this defense was swelled a few days later, on Feb. 23, by a demonstration of one hundred workers outside the Courthouse, who linked up the police attack on workers' art in St. Louis with the Fascist slaughter in Austria. This organized worker defense undoubtedly saved the mural, and has made the Unemployed Workers' Art Class of St. Louis a force for revolutionary culture.

HIGH-PRIESTS of science such as Compton and Millikan, not satisfied with "finding God at the end of a cosmic ray," now see science as the one power that can bring us out of the depression. Let the government subsidize science further and it will make new discoveries that will open new fields of employment. True, we most certainly agree with Dr. Compton that "the idea that science takes away jobs, or in general is at the root of our economic and social ills, is contrary to fact, is based on ignorance or misconception, is vicious in its possible social consequences." Dr. Compton rightly bemoans the fact that only one-fourth of one percent of the budget of the United States was devoted to science, that certain N.R.A. codes forbade the introduction of labor-saving machinery unless approved by the code authorities. But unfortunately, neither he nor his colleagues in the day-long symposium "Science Makes Jobs" have the slightest inkling why we spend so little for science when the Soviet Union spends so much, why we try to prevent the application of science to industry when the Soviet Union seeks constantly to create more labor-saving machinery. Nor do they see that there are now innumerable wants and needs of man that science is already prepared to satisfy, thus creating more comfort and a vastly increased employment. What about housing in America? Surely it is not the fault of science that millions of people of the United States live in homes unfit for habitation. And is it not now possible, in terms of science and labor power, to have air-conditioned homes for all Americans? Why are 98 percent of the architects and 85 percent of the engineers of America unemployed today? Surely it is neither because of our scientific knowledge nor of our lack of science. What then is the shortcoming in these worthy scientists' thinking?

THE answer is, most briefly: they believe in *pure science*. That is, they think that science just develops itself, like the Hegelian Idea, by its own inherent processes. And not satisfied with that most unhistorical view, they even go so far as to maintain that it is developments in the natural sciences which bring about changes in the conditions of living, which in turn make possible an advance in the social sciences. Yes, they call the development of the natural sciences "the chief stimulant to the progress of civilization." Which comes first, the hen or the egg? The Marxist doesn't answer that question, he rejects it. But why, let us ask these scientists, did the natural sciences develop by leaps and bounds throughout the period of the rise of capitalism to world supremacy, and are now being shunted off, unwanted and unfinanced? We believe in science, yes, but we know that science exists in society, arises out of social problems and needs, and is neither good nor evil, progressive nor reactionary in itself. Science does not make jobs as Compton stoutly argues, nor does it take them away as his opponents maintain. Only the personification of science could lead to either view. In our society science makes it possible for industrialists to cut down their costs by increasing production and reducing employment. In a socialist society it enables the workers, through their planning commissions, etc., to produce ever more of the goods of life with ever less labor on the part of all concerned. Rising capitalism required science. The stagnant capitalism of today is finding science an undesirable offspring. The scientist must be brought to see that only in a socialist society will science occupy its proper place as man's greatest instrument for the control of nature for human well-being.

IT has been the opinion of some that sex is the opium of the American people and that Aimee Semple McPherson's success comes from mixing a snappy blend of the sex brand and the God brand. The dispensers of the holy dope, however, are not giving up without a struggle. More than 1,000 persons crowded into the Hotel Plaza last Monday night to attend a free for all confessional held by the Oxford group, the more regular name for the Buchmanites. The spiritual nudists who undressed their souls before the audience included a lawyer, a gilded youth who explained his idea of life was to have a good time until the Buchmanites got in his way, Mrs. Alan M. Limburg, whose husband is a nephew of Gov. Lehman and Frank Sweeney, Mrs. Limburg's butler. Mrs. Limburg said she has been a girl of high ideals but had failed to find contentment in charitable work, acting, and other activities. Now Buchmanism has brought her contentment and her home is a haven of amity. Frank Sweeney, Mrs. Limburg's butler, was nervous shedding his soul clothes, but once he got them off, he made a brave display. Liquor was his weakness and after Buchmanism met and conquered him (it got him his job) he won a great victory. "Now I have the keys of Mrs. Limburg's cellar—and she has quite a cellar."

Park Bench

I live on a park bench.
You, Park Avenue.
Hell of a distance
Between us two.

I beg a dime for dinner—
You got a butler and maid.
But I'm wakin' up!
Say, ain't you afraid

That I might, just maybe,
In a year or two,
Move on over
To Park Avenue?

LANGSTON HUGHES.

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Jacob Burck

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To John Dos Passos

DEAR Comrade Dos Passos: We have received for publication a copy of the following letter which bears your signature in company with other names.

AN OPEN LETTER TO THE COMMUNIST PARTY

The undersigned wish to protest against the disruptive action of the Communist Party which led to the breaking up of the meeting called by the Socialist Party in Madison Square Garden of February 16th.

The rising of the Austrian Socialists was an event whose tragic outcome does not lessen its inspiration to a world menaced by Fascist repression. To honor the heroic struggle, and to protest the slaughter of working-class men, women and children, the Socialist Party called a strike and a mass meeting in the Garden.

This meeting ended in shameful disorder. Instead of working-class unity, factional warfare ruled. Speakers were howled down, fists flew, chairs were hurled, scores were injured. And since these riotous events were broadcast over a country-wide radio network, they became a disaster of national scope in the struggle for unity against Fascism.

We do not approve the Socialist leadership in Austria or the United States. In Austria the policy of tolerating Fascist advances until Fascism forced the turn doomed the workers to a purely defensive and hopeless, however gallant, struggle. In the United States Socialist leaders have rejected several calls for united working-class protest. In the instance of the Garden meetings, their action in ignoring all militant labor groups, while inviting such reactonaries as Matthew Woll, indicates only too well a policy which we irreconcilably oppose.

All this, however, does not diminish the culpability and shame of the Communists. Their disconcerted booing and yelling was disorderly and provocative in the extreme and belied their cries of "Unity" and "United Front." The result was the disruption of working-class action in support of the Austrian workers.

The Daily Worker of February 16th says: "Anyone who splits the ranks of the workers at this time helps the Fascists, injures the valiant struggle of our heroic brothers in Austria, and is a contemptible enemy of the working class." We who write this letter watch with sympathy the struggles of militant labor and aid such struggles. We agree with the statement of the Daily Worker. And it is with horror that we see the Communist Party play the part against which it itself has warned.

Signed:

Louis Berg	Meyer Schapiro
Will Gruen	John Dos Passos
Elinor Rice	Clifton Fadiman
Robert Ford	John McDonald
James Rorty	Edmund Wilson
Diana Rubin	John Chamberlain
Louis Grudin	Margaret de Silver
Anita Brenner	George D. Herron
Felix Morrow	Meyer A. Girshick
Elliot E. Cohen	Gilbert C. Converse
George Novack	Samuel Middlebrook
Lionel Trilling	Robert Morss Lovett

John Henry Hammond, Jr.

THE NEW MASSES of course does not speak for the Communist Party. In this editorial we are addressing you, one of the best-known contributors to THE NEW MASSES, simply as your co-workers in a revolutionary enterprise.

As regards you, the statement, "We who write this letter watch with sympathy the struggles of militant labor and aid such struggles" holds true, we believe. We have often turned to you for sympathetic co-operation and support. Your books have helped mold a challenging attitude toward capitalism and its concomitant evils. For years you have been a contributor to THE NEW MASSES; the writers in and close to the revolutionary movement have, in many instances, regarded you as their literary guide and inspiration.

In view of this we were sorry to find you disagreeing with the Communist Party and criticizing, in a none too friendly tone, one of its efforts in the extremely difficult task of achieving American working-class unity. We do not want to repeat our editorial "The Lesson of Madison Square Garden" of the Feb. 27 issue. We hope you have read it, but in view of the letter you have signed, we are inclined to believe you have not. No adequate analysis of any situation can be made, unless all the factors involved are known and considered. We wonder to what extent you (who, by the very nature of your work, are not directly engaged in the day to day struggles to forge proletarian unity) are in a position to possess the prerequisite specific information.

Our sole disagreement over the united front concerns tactics. There are two possible approaches in this matter; the united front from above or the united front from below which forces a united front with the leadership. Let us examine each of these possibilities.

The united front from above. Judging from the affiliations of the signers of the open letter, we believe your criticism of the Communist tactics is based on the Communist Party's failure to effect a united front with the Socialist Party leadership. Yet by signing this very letter you place yourself in a position which would render it impossible for you to form a united front with the Socialist leadership. You commit the deadly sin of criticizing the Socialist leadership! The letter you signed says: "In the instance of the Garden meeting, their action in ignoring all militant labor groups, while inviting such reactionaries as Matthew Woll, indicates only too well a policy which we irreconcilably oppose."

You also indicate that the Socialist leaders in the United States "have rejected several calls for united working-class protest." You agree with us when you state, "In Austria the policy of tolerating Fascist advances until Fascism forced the turn doomed the workers to a purely defensive and hopeless, however gallant, struggle."

Your public disapproval the Socialist leaders will never forgive. Their main reason for refusing a united front with the Communist Party is their objection to criticism of their policies. You know, of course, that the Communist Party does not demand immunity from criticism as a condition for a united front. By the mere publication of this letter you obviate the possibility of your joining in a united front with the Socialist leadership. They would not have you, for the very same reason that they would not have the Communists. Yet would you keep silent concerning their policies? Keep silent about their fatal "lesser evil" theory which step by step led the workers of Germany and Austria into the concentration camps and death chambers of Fascism? Your letter is proof that you cannot and will not be silent, and by silence acquiesce in these major crimes of the Socialist leadership.

What remains to be done then? The

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united front from below? How can it be effected? Endless efforts on the part of Communists, here and the world over, have been made to achieve it. If a leadership obstructs the natural gravitation of the masses toward unity, there seems to be only one solution: to attempt to throw the masses together, despite the saboteurs on top. How? Where? At demonstrations, at meetings, on the picket line, through activities which are of immediate moment to all strata of the working class. This the Communists tried to do at Madison Square Garden.

You speak of the "disruptive action" of the Communists . . . of the "culpability and shame" . . . that they belie "their cries of 'Unity' and 'United Front.'" All this amounts to a wrong, mechanical characterization of an exceedingly complex thing: of feelings, motivations, psychological conditionings. You, as a novelist who has studied and charted the emotional make-up of contemporary individuals and masses, must recognize the superficiality of the approach in the above communication. It takes no cognizance of the attitudes formed among the workers in the whole period since the October revolution; of the lies and slanders which the Socialist leadership has for years been pouring upon the vanguard of the proletariat.

Now the Socialist leaders have lost all restraint. In their organ, the New Leader, they say of the Communists:

> Lenin taught them that lying, intrigues and cunning are Communist methods. They follow these methods. They declare decency, honesty and fair dealing to be "bourgeois prejudices."

And then this amazing statement, which should interest the Department of Justice:

> Stalin may spend more millions upon them in this country but they are Ishmaels . . . moral lepers . . . unfit to associate with civilized human beings. [They are] ghouls. They hunt in packs. [They] yelp. They are misfits and pathological creatures cast up by an unsocial civilization.

And finally, Julius Gerber's typical counter-revolutionary slogan: "If you do not want Fascism in the U.S.A., you must fight Bolshevism."

Consider: the reception of the Communists and militant unionists at the door of Madison Square Garden; the indignities heaped upon them at the very outset; they certainly were made to feel they were not welcome at the very moment when a Matthew Woll and a LaGuardia were invited to places of honor. LaGuardia! The day before his police had clubbed a cripple ridden down Socialist and Communist workers on the steps of the New York Public Library. Today he was an invited guest of honor! If you had been there, would you guarantee that your reaction would have been completely rational, unimpassioned and calm? Multiply the personal resentment several thousandfold and you will comprehend what happened. Clarence Hathaway attempted to appeal for quiet. He was struck down by Socialist leaders on the platform. Naturally pandemonium resulted.

It is easy to assume a lofty attitude: to be holier than thou, to shake one's head in disapproval. From the sanctuary of the New York Times, John Chamberlain can sorrowfully view the ungentlemanly behavior of the workers. From the ritzy office of the New Yorker the revolutionary Clifton Fadiman can view with "horror." And the others who signed with you, the Bergs, the Cohens, the Brenners, the Wilsons, these revolutionaries who have scarcely a nodding acquaintance with the masses, they too presume to offer gratuitous criticism. As to the rest, those vacillating intellectuals who overnight have become metamorphosed from their academic cocoons into revolutionary butterflies, flit dizzyingly from Zionism to internationalism, from Lovestoneism to Trotzkyism and Musteism. When the crucial moment comes they will no doubt flee in an attempt to save their beautiful multi-colored wings from the fire.

You, Comrade Dos Passos, certainly find yourself in queer company. Several of those who signed with you are doubtless honest but misguided. Most of them, however, we know, are "generals" yearning for armies, "leaders" minus experience, minus political knowledge, minus integrity, minus even the humility to be willing to pass through an apprenticeship to gain the qualifications for leadership.

A study of the role of intellectuals in the revolutionary movement is not in place in this letter: we will return to it in subsequent issues. Meanwhile, we suggest that you consider the actual role played by the intellectuals in other revolutions. Only those who passed through the fire, the turmoil, the endless grind of day to day organization and preparations for the final struggle were able to overcome their Hamletism, their egotism, their Narcissism, and merge with the advancing hosts of a new society.

Just juxtapose a John Chamberlain to a Bill Foster; a Clifton Fadiman to an Earl Browder, and you will see the utter absurdity of these literati, politically illiterate, turned revolutionary pedagogues.

In the note requesting us to publish the protest we are addressed as "Dear Comrades." Here we must demur. Most of the signatures belong to individuals who cannot be recognized as ever having been comrades in the workers' struggle. We cannot remember ever having seen them on the revolutionary front. You are different.

To us, you have been, and, we hope, still are, Dos Passos the revolutionary writer, the comrade.

Dear Beatrice Fairfax: Is it true that Bishop Manning and Miss Aimee Semple McPherson and General Hugh Johnson and Mrs. Barbara Mdivani and Mr. Samuel Insull and Miss Greta Garbo and Mr. Prince Mike Romanoff?

Foolproof baby with that memorized smile,
burglarproof baby, fireproof baby with that rehearsed appeal,
reconditioned, standardized, synchronized, amplified, best-by-test baby with those push-the-button tears,
Your big-time sweetheart worships you and you alone,
your good-time friend lives for you, only you,
he loves you, trusts you, needs you, respects you, gives for you, fascinated, mad about you,
all wrapped up in you like the accountant in the trust, like the banker trusts the judge, like the judge respects protection, like the gunman needs his needle, like the trust must give and give—
He's with you all the way from the top of the bottle to the final alibi,
from the handshake to the hearse, from the hearse to the casket,
to the handles on the casket, to the nails, to the hinges, to the satin, to the flowers, to the music, to the prayer, to the graveyard, to the tomb,
But just the same, baby, and never forget,
it takes a neat, smart, fast, good, sweet double-cross
to double-cross the gentleman who double-crossed the gentleman who double-crossed
your double-crossing, double-crossing, double-cross friend.

KENNETH FEARING.

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Hitler's Rivals Get the Idea

JOHN STRACHEY

LONDON.

THE British situation is for the moment dominated by momentous events on the continent of Europe.

In the last analysis, no doubt, what is happening in Europe can be summed up as the "fascisation" of the continent. The general world crisis of capitalism has now reached a point at which the bourgeoisie in state after state is unable to rule in the old way. In state after state of Europe the ruling class finds that it is confronted with serious tasks which it cannot carry through by means of its old pseudo-democratic state machine.

On the one hand it is necessary to reduce the standard of life of the working class with unheard of rapidity and to an unheard of extent in order to make it possible for profits to reappear in the productive system to a sufficient extent to give any hope of revival. On the other hand it is necessary to mobilize not only the armed forces but the entire nation in preparation for the war which is preparing itself between each and every capitalist state for the redivision of the world market.

The difficulties of accomplishing either of these tasks by means of the existing parliamentary democratic state machine is obvious. The best way for the bourgeoisie to set up its new method of rule, its open dictatorship, is to create demagogically a great mass movement for its own support. We have to face the fact that the German bourgeoisie succeeded in doing just this. They were enabled to do so, of course, solely because of the unparalleled turpitude and poltroonery of the social democratic leaders of the German working class. With the establishment of the open fascist-capitalist dictatorship in Germany, the need for the other European bourgeoisies to do likewise became urgent.

The German capitalist group has, as it were stolen a march on its European rivals. From being the weakest (though potentially always the strongest) it is visibly becoming in actual fact one of the strongest again. And as the German capitalists have been despoiled of all their colonies and much of their home territory, the revival of their power strikes terror into the hearts of the rest of the capitalists of Europe. Hence their present desperate determination to adopt the same methods which seem to have given such power to their German rivals. Hence their need to crush all internal resistance on the part of their workers and peasants, and to mobilize their whole populations in preparation for the coming war struggle.

All over Europe this process is going on, but it is not going on at all smoothly or easily. In Austria, it is true, the heroic resistance of the working class, misled and dispirited for these 15 years by social democratic leaders who were equally base if more intelligent than their German counterparts, has been crushed. But in France, and more particularly in Spain, the difficulties of the bourgeoisie seem serious. The French capitalists have not so far, at any rate, been able to create a mass movement to give the dictatorship which they are visibly attempting to set up, some popular basis. And already there are signs of inability on the part of the French social democrats to prevent a mass front of resistance on the part of the French workers and peasants.

It is in Spain, however, that the situation is probably most difficult for the bourgeoisie. Marx said long ago, in the preface to the first edition of *Capital* that Germany suffered "not only from the development of capitalist production but also from the backwardness of its development." We might say the same of the position of the Spanish bourgeoisie today. They suffer not only from the crisis of the extreme development of capitalist production in the world as a whole, but also from the almost equally extreme backwardness of their own social and productive system. They suffer from the feudal and clerical remains which have not, even now, been cleared away.

Hence there appears to be rising in Spain a position in which there are some analogies to the Russian situation of 1917. An ultra-reactionary "democratic" regime is maneuvering to turn over the power to a Fascist capitalist dictatorship, which in turn wishes to annul all the liberal, anti-feudal, reforms of the last four years, to restore the land to the grandees, and its privileges to the church. Such a policy excites, as may well be imagined, very wide mass resistance. Some sort of a united front between workers' and peasants' parties, the Communists, the syndicalists and socialists seems to have been established.

All these tremendous events are, of course, having their reaction in Great Britain. Already the theorists of the British bourgeoisie are beginning to point out the way in which the wind is blowing. Mr. J. L. Garvin, editor of the Observer, and in some ways the best brain amongst bourgeois theorists, openly subscribed to the view last Sunday that once any important capitalist state had gone Fascist, the others could not afford to lag behind. An open bourgeois dictatorship had to be established everywhere if it was established anywhere, in order that the balance of war-power between the capitalist states should not be upset.

Sir Stafford Cripps, the most articulate leader of the British Labour Party, was delivering almost at the same moment a sort of funeral oration on social democracy. He said that if the Labour Party did not deliver the goods when they were next elected to power, then it would be the end of social democracy. "I believe," he said, "that in the course of the next week social democracy in France will disappear, and we shall be the only large country with social democracy in the world. We shall get one of those regimes, probably not like the Germans or the Italians, but shall probably have a country gentleman dictatorship which will be all very nice but not at all pleasant for the workers. We shall get rather worse representative measures than the present, a little less liberty here and a little less liberty there, and a general scaling down of the standard of living of the workers as in all Fascist countries."

Sir Stafford Cripps' illusions about the mildness of the British Fascist regime are as great as his illusions of the possibility of the Labour Party delivering the goods to the British working class when they next form His Majesty's Government.

It is precisely this attitude on the part of left wing leaders of the Labour Party like Cripps, equally with right wingers such as Mr. Henderson, and Mr. Citrine, which gives Fascism its opportunity in Britain. The Labour leaders discourage, and indeed actively stifle all efforts at organized mass struggle on the part of the British workers. They boycott the present Hunger March, they outlaw the British Anti-War Movement, they tell the workers to remain passive for some years until the next general election, and then to elect a Labour Government in the hope that somehow or other, and at the third attempt, this will solve their difficulties. Nor can it be denied that these men, from their positions of influence and importance in the Labour Party, and in the Trade Union Movement, are able to diminish very gravely the force and extent of the present mass activities of the British workers.

Courageous and vitally important as are the Hunger March, the strikes and other agitations of the British workers today, these things could be ten times, or a hundred times stronger if they were supported and organized by the formidable British Trade Union movement, instead of being boycotted and suppressed by it.

While the present British social democratic leaders retain their hold over the British mass movement, a drift toward some form of Fascism in Britain, and of course, toward war, is entirely inevitable. Neither Citrine, nor Henderson, nor Cripps, nor Morrison is willing to learn anything from the gigantic lesson which is being taught the workers all over Europe. They go on preaching precisely the same illusions as to the possibility of a pleasant, peaceful, transition from capitalism to socialism. These illusions may have seemed plausible in the period of capitalist stability, from 1924-1929, but they are suicidal insanity today.

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One Year of the New Deal

BILL DUNNE

THE END of the first year of the New Deal coincides with the end of the first third of the Twentieth Century. This fact escaped attention of the New Deal claque in the unexampled mobilization of press, pulpit and screen for the celebration of the fifty-second birthday of Franklin Delano Roosevelt—a shameless proceeding that went forward with the full knowledge and consent of the present occupant of the White House.

Not even Heywood Broun of the World-Telegram—one of the most diligent of the bandwagon boys—has shown any desire to appraise the results of the New Deal to date for the wage and salary earning section of the population, for the Negro people, for the mass of the working rural population, by a comparison with their economic status at the beginning of the century.

Neither has Professor Moley used any part of the $68,000,000 fortune of Vincent Astor which finances his magazine Today devoted to the praise and policy of the Roosevelt regime, to estimate the New Deal achievements in this field on this basis—the only basis that makes sense.

Comparisons of wages, working conditions, public works projects, unemployment relief and other factors that enter into the question of the real income of the working class (and here we intend to deal chiefly with the working class) with like conditions in the Hoover era, or with the low point of the crisis last April, are more or less meaningless.

The official economists are very careful indeed to confine themselves to the obvious and most productive comparisons, that is, comparisons that are the most valuable for publicity purposes and fit into the whole N.R.A. scheme for gulling the working class, disarming it in the face of the offensive of monopoly capital and its government.

American capitalism—and the whole capitalist world—is now in the fifth year of the crisis. Not even the most stupid and venal of the vulgar economists dare any longer claim that this is only one of the recurring cyclical crises. "Recovery" takes place now *within* the general crisis. Nowhere is there a sign that the capitalist system is breaking through the encircling grip of the crisis. The crisis circle contracts and expands within certain narrow limits but its periphery is not broken.

We suppose that the supporters of the New Deal will admit that its purpose is to save American capitalism. But to avoid argument on this point we quote one of its outstanding followers—Dr. Harry Elmer Barnes, who puts forward daily "The Liberal Viewpoint" in the World-Telegram:

> The acid test will come over the ability of the New Deal to insure a sufficient increase of mass purchasing power in the face of every kind of treachery from stupid and recalcitrant vested interests. (The Doctor has all the ardor of the acolyte.)
>
> This marked and stable increase of mass purchasing power, *which is necessary to perpetuate capitalism,* can be brought about by State socialism or by voluntary agreement between capital and labor. (World-Telegram, Feb. 19, 1934.)

This is not the place to comment on Doctor Barnes' categorical assertions regarding controversial questions of economics and politics which more learned and therefore more cautious authorities would formulate somewhat differently. We wish merely to show here that among the New Dealers it is admitted that its purpose is to save capitalism. Only the leaders of the Socialist Party claim that it is "a step towards Socialism." (We will refer later to some other statements by Dr. Barnes.)

Capitalism must go forward. It must expand or die. Any scheme for saving capitalism is limited by the laws governing capitalist development. Marx described this as follows:

> Self earned private property, the private property that may be looked upon as based on a coalescence of the isolated, individual, and independent worker, with his working conditions, is supplanted by capitalist private property, which is maintained by exploitation of others' labor, but of which labor in a formal sense is free. As soon as this transformation has sufficiently disintegrated the old society, has decomposed it through and through; as soon as the workers have been metamorphosed into proletarians, and their working conditions into capital; as soon as the capitalist method of production can stand on its own feet—then the further socialization of labor and the further transformation of the land and of the other means of production into socially exploited (that is to say, communal) means of production, which implies the further expropriation of private owners, takes on a new form. What has now to be expropriated, is no longer the laborer working on his own account, but the capitalist who exploits many laborers. This expropriation is brought about *by the operation of the imminent laws of capitalist production, by the centralization of capital.* One capitalist lays a number of his fellow capitalists low. Hand in hand with this centralization, concommitantly with the expropriation of many capitalists by a few, the cooperative form of the labor process develops to an ever increasing degree; therewith we find a growing tendency towards the purposive application of science to the improvement of technique; the land is more methodically cultivated; the instruments of labor tend to assume forms which are only utilizable by combined effort; the means of production are economized by being turned to acount by joint, by socialized labor; all the peoples of the world are enmeshed in the net of the world market, and thus the capitalist regime tends more and more to assume an international character. While there is thus *a progressive diminution in the number of capitalist magnates* (who usurp and monopolize all the advantages of the transformative process), *there occurs a corresponding increase in the mass of* poverty, oppression, enslavement, degeneration, and exploitation; but at the same time there is a steady intensification of the wrath of the workingclass—a class which grows evermore numerous and is disciplined, unified and organized by the very mechanism of the capitalist method of production. *Capitalist monopoly becomes a fetter upon the method of production which has flourished under it.* (My emphasis.)

National income from 1914 to 1933, inclusive, has been as follows:

1914 .....$36,000,000,000
1922 .....$66,000,000,000
1929 .....$85,000,000,000
1933 .....$40,000,000,000

(Figures from survey by Collier's magazine.)

1914 was a depression year. It was estimated that some four million workers were unemployed. The population of the United States was smaller than it is today by some eighteen or twenty millions.

Certainly it is a reasonable assumption that the statistical per capita income today is less than it was in 1914—twenty years ago.

American capitalism is no longer expanding. The false dawn of "permanent prosperity" which accompanied expansion has been replaced by the deepening twilight of capitalist decay. The suffering which this entails falls mostly upon the working class which capitalism itself produced.

Capitalist wealth is produced only by workers at work. It cannot be wished into being. It is no wonder that the economists of the New Deal are chary of making historical comparisons.

It was, I believe, young Mr. Berle of the brain trust of Washington and New York, who, writing in the monthly Economy, expressed the opinion that had not Marx stultified himself by dragging in the class struggle he might have been known as one of the greatest economists of the nineteenth century with his fame extending into the twentieth. As it is, I suppose that the ghost of Marx, looking across the Styx, must be content with the title of the greatest revolutionary leader of the working class in the nineteenth century and resign itself to seeing the laurels for economic theory rest upon the Berlean brow. The class struggle is the central contradiction of capitalism. It cannot be wished away any more than wealth can be wished into existence. "With the inevitability of a law of nature capitalist production begets its own negation," said Marx.

The centralization of capital is at the expense chiefly of the working class. It means more labor displacing machinery, improved mechanical and chemical processes, standardization of product—increasing and permanent mass unemployment even in boom periods. It means the increase of the striking power of capital against the working-class.

According to Doane's *The Measurement of American Wealth,* corporations in 1929 con-

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trolled 64 percent of all mining, 94 percent of all transportation and 96 percent of all manufacturing in the United States.

Still more decisive as showing the accuracy with which Marx forecast the trend of capitalist development is the fact that *in 1928 six percent of the corporations controlled 90 percent of all business done by corporations* (manufacture, mining, transportation, trade and finance).

One-half of one percent of the corporations gathered in 54 percent of all profit made by corporations.

75 percent of all wealth used for profit making purposes in 1934 is of a corporation character. In the depression-panic of 1893-94 only 20 percent of the wealth of a profiteering character was owned by corporations.

A year ago the long term internal debt was estimated at $134,000,000,000. Approximately $34,000,000,000 of this gigantic amount consisted of federal, state, county and municipal debt, the balance was private debt.

The present federal government debt totals $24,000,000,000 in round figures. President Roosevelt estimates that by next year it will total $32,000,000,000.

The sum total of these debts in 1935, on the basis of these figures, will be $142,000,000,000.

Since interest is paid from surplus value, and surplus value is created only by the exploitation of workers, the combination of tremendous centralization of capital, and the mountainous debt structure foreshadow attempts to institute robbery of the working class on a scale hitherto unheard of, and of which N.R.A., with its lifting of the anti-trust and combination laws, its systematic organization of the employers wherever such organization is necessary, and its starvation wage codes, represent only a first step. ("The accumulation of capital, accelerating the replacement of workers by machinery, creating wealth on the one hand and poverty on the other, gives birth to what is called the 'reserve army of labor,' to a 'relative abundance of labor,' to capitalist overpopulation." This assumes the most diversified forms and enables capital to speed up the process of production enormously. The possibility of doing so (in conjunction with enhanced facilities for credit, and with the accumulation of capital in the means of production) furnishes the key to the understanding of the *crises* of over production that occur periodically in capitalist countries—first about every ten years, on an average; but subsequently in a more continuous form and with a less definite periodicity." —Lenin in *Marxism.*)

Will someone please page young Mr. Berle of New York and Washington? The "continuous" form of the present crisis seems to have been overlooked by him.

The National Recovery Act is used to fix wages at the levels established by the crisis with its shutdown of production and mass unemployment. Prices are to be raised to the 1926 level, by planned destruction of commodities—wheat, meat, cotton, etc.—by inflation.

THE FLOWING BOWL

Wages have been set at the level of the beginning of the century and at the best that of twenty years ago. If the income of workers on relief projects and that of the unemployed is included in figuring the average income of the entire working class, employed and unemployed, it becomes clear that we must go even farther back in point of time and then use the conditions of Southern workers for a comparison. The total income of the working class has been reduced by some 60 to 70 percent since 1929. We cannot read the unemployed out of the working class.

Take the case of the organized railway workers—a section of the working class whose *wage scales* have been reduced by but 10 percent so far. Early in 1933, *for the first time since 1888,* there were less than one million workers employed by the railroads. (It must not be assumed that the railway workers rated as employed were all working full time.) In round figures, about 1,000,000 railway workers had been squeezed out of the industry by rationalization and the falling off in traffic due to the crisis—completely deprived of the right to get their livelihood by selling their labor power to the railway corporation. Their market is closed.

Are we to accept the constantly reiterated assertion that the railway workers as a section of the working class have received only a 10 percent cut in wages?

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Let us take another instance, one where the benevolent hand of N.R.A., acting through the now disappearing Civil Works Administration, extended succor to hungry workers—the South. The February Survey reports as follows:

> States were authorized to allow staggered employment in their rural sections, cutting the hours per man from thirty to fifteen. . . . This meant, in the Southern states, civil works wages of $6 a week for the great mass of workers—much more, it is true, than relief allowances in that region...

The question immediately arises: What could the "relief allowances in that region" have been? The writer is able to answer this from first hand knowledge. In Knoxville, Tenn., in 1932, the city unemployment relief consisted of $1.60 of groceries per family per week.

Let us return to the North. The following is from the New York Times, published under the headline: "Drafts $5-a-Week Menu for a Family of Five":

> St. Paul, Feb. 7.—A University of Minnesota nutrition specialist is showing a family of five how to live within its means. The specialist, Miss Inez M. Hobart, university farm, said today "that $5 for such a family should be divided into five equal parts to be spent for goods to make up a balanced ration." This is the way she would do it. Milk and cheese, $1.30 (or more). Vegetables and fruits, $1.20 (or less). Cereal, bread and beans, $1 (or less). Butter, lard, bacon, sugar molasses, tea, coffee, baking powder, $1 or less). Meat, fish and eggs, 50 cents. She added that a family of five "could grow fat" on that diet.

If one makes an allowance for rent, clothes, medical care, etc. that corresponds to this food estimate, one finds that like most of these "experts" this lady comes very close to setting the only food standard possible under N.R.A. code wages. It must be remembered that the cost of living is much higher now than it was in 1912-13-14, yet in that period the Industrial Relations Commission had recommended food budgets more than twice as large as that worked out by the enterprising Inez. She is probably a good liberal and a great admirer of the New Deal, just trying to help out the workers. But code wages which mean ten, eleven, twelve and thirteen dollars a week can be budgeted only for the benefit of the capitalists.

It happens that the writer was raised in Minnesota and worked in Minneapolis and St. Paul thirty years ago. At that time, as a general mechanic's helper he was paid $2.50 per day or $15 per week. As an electrical workers helper he got $2.75 per day from the Northern Pacific railroad. Twenty-seven years ago in St. Paul journeymen were getting from $3.75 to $4 per day. The railroad wage scale was considerably lower than that paid in the building trades and by the light and power and telephone company. The railway electrical workers were not unionized at that time and the labor movement as a whole was weak. The work-day was eight and nine hours.

N.R.A.—and its industrial codes—has established wage scales in industry that are no more than equal to and are often less than the wages of many farm laborers in 1900-3. As a boy of thirteen the writer received $20 per month, board and room. Compare this with the mass of workers getting $10 per week today.

At the turn of the century my father was employed as a railway maintenance of wayman and got $40 per month. He was not docked for time lost due to inclement weather, etc.

At the turn of the century the writer and his father were paid from $2 to $2.50 per day, with board and lodging included, working in the harvest fields. In the lumber woods, loaders and top loaders got from $40 to $60 per month and board. Many categories of lumberjack received from $20 to $35 per month and board. River drivers got from $3 to $4 per day.

Remember that this was thirty and thirty-three years ago in Minnesota—always a low wage state then because of the close connection of many of the workers with the land, wages being regarded as so much spendable addition to the more or less certain living from the farms, no matter how small the wage.

In the Pacific Northwest, twenty-two years ago, the going union scale for mechanics was from $3.75 to $4.50 per day—generally with time and one-half for overtime and holidays with a Saturday half-holiday. Common labor received from $2.50 to $3 per day of eight hours. In 1912-13 the International Brotherhood of Electrical Workers had wage scales of $4 (for telephone companies, $4.35 and $4.50, for light and power companies, $5 per day in the building trades. The unionized trades in San Francisco had considerably higher wage scales.

The end of the first third of the twentieth century and the end of the first year of the Roosevelt regime finds the American working class with its economic status lower than it was at the turn of the century. A comparison of wage scales means nothing unless the more than fifteen million unemployed are taken into account. (Here it must be emphasized that the unemployment figures of the American Federation of Labor are worse than worthless. Its official estimate of some 11,700,000 takes no account of the millions of young people who have become of working age since the beginning of the crisis, to mention only one glaring inaccuracy.)

The impoverishment of the working class—and whole strata of the rural population and lower city middle class—proceeds at a rapid rate.

The most dangerous illusion extant among workers is that N.R.A. was designed to aid them. This illusion is carefully fostered by the socalled liberal elements, Socialist Party leaders, near-Socialists of the Blanshard and Upton Sinclair type. The A. F. of L. officials have made N.R.A. their program. These elements are N.R.A. salesmen in one guise or another.

The American Workers Party, this chop suey of declassed intellectuals, united by common hatred of the proletarian Communist Party and its program, has as its share in the division of labor under N.R.A. the task of attacking Communism, the Communist Party and the Communist International, preparing the way for the main fascist attack by its parroted mouthings about the "Americanism" of the American working class.

But one has only to read the Workers Correspondence department of the Daily Worker—the best cross section of American working class life and struggle in this country—to see that the mists of N.R.A. illusions are being cleared away by the gale of working class protest and battle against the starvation codes, and the continued refusal to put in force federal unemployment insurance for all jobless workers. The Communist exposure of N.R.A. is getting results.

Sniffing the coming storm, the liberals are clamoring for more rapid progress. The moral prestige of N.R.A., monopoly capitalism and its government is being endangered, they warn. Here we go back to Doctor Barnes. Having hailed Section 7A of the National Recovery Act as the new charter of freedom from corporation tyranny for workers, the New Dealers of the type of Dr. Barnes are worried stiff. They took as their main thesis, together with the S.P. leaders, the contention that N.R.A. was directed against big capital and intended to organize and strengthen the working class. It was going "to do something for" the working class. They picked the wrong preposition.

Mr. Chester M. Wright, more calloused by long contact with capitalist party politicians during his years as one of the publicity men of the Gompers regime, harbored no such illusions. Following the brutally fascist but wildly applauded speech of General Hugh Johnson to the delegates to the Fifty-Third Annual A.F. of L. convention last October, Mr. Wright announced in Number 92 of his Press Bulletin of N.R.A. Proceedings:

> So many conflicting interpretations have been made of the statements of Gen. Johnson last night that a comparison of his words with the Recovery Act itself may help to clarify the situation . . .
>
> The codes themselves are being set up, in accordance with the Act, as an instrumentality of the organized employers. The collective bargaining clauses are inserted as a guiding principle for industry. Minimum wages and maximum hours are established more as a protection to business from unfair low wage competition and for social welfare reasons than as a protection to organized labor. In practice the codes are worked out with *the approval of industry; labor's approval is not a determining factor.* Labor is given an opportunity to make a statement at the hearings, but not any more than an individual citizen is given, sometimes less and sometimes more according to the attitude of the administrator. *Labor is given such participation in the administration of the industry as the employers wish it to have and no more.* (My emphasis.)

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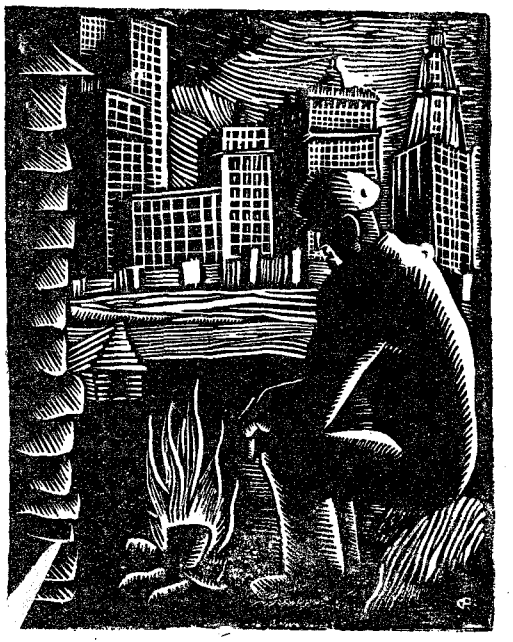
Chester Wright is right. Organization of some 85 percent of the steel workers into company unions—most of it since N.R.A.—is the best of proof of his estimate. Yet it is this same N.R.A. that Matthew Woll and William Green, in pursuit of their jobs as N.R.A. salesmen, have tried to peddle to the working class. They denounce the Communists without restraint for exposing N.R.A. and the Roosevelt regime. They call openly for the organization of a special branch of the secret service—*secret political police*—to suppress the Communist Party for organizing workers to resist the onslaughts of this latest "American institution."

But Dr. Barnes has not lost hope that N.R.A. may yet save capitalism. He blames the "piratical industrialists" for the failure of clause 7A and sticks to his claim that N.R.A. is intended to do something for workers instead of to workers. I quote from his article in the World-Telegram for Feb. 19:

"Section 7A of the National Industrial Recovery Act seems explicitly to give workers 'the right to organize and bargain collectively through representatives of their own choosing . . . free from interference, restraint or coercion of employers.'" (Literally thousands of workers have been jailed, gassed, clubbed and murdered with not a single "piratical industrialist" punished.—B.D.)

"The actual execution of Section 7A today is calculated *to give rise to the greatest concern on the part of liberals* and to produce ecstasy in the camps of both Fascists and Communists." (Since the whole N.R.A. stinks of fascism, there is probably rejoicing in the Fascist camp; as for Communists they wasted no time in ecstasy. They told the working class what N.R.A. was and what it was intended to do to them—and now they do what they can to arouse and organize workers against it.)

> The National Labor Board seems to be in a state of relative collapse; piratical industrialists, who have learned nothing since 1929, (Oh, yes, they have, Doctor!) are in control of the execution of the code! (Who did you *think* would be in charge, Doctor Barnes?) and there is a definite defiance of the government with respect to 7A in representative industries throughout the country. (How do these "representative" industrialists manage to defy *their own government?* Is it done with mirrors? B. D.)
>
> Nothing in the progress of the recovery program has been more disappointing and demoralizing than the collapse of the National Labor Board. Set up as the supreme arbiter of disputes between capital and labor, it has degenerated into an object of employers' contempt and employes' despair. Buried under a mountain of complaints it blusters and does virtually nothing." (But in such a situation *doing nothing* is a *policy*—a policy which, however, is more active than Dr. Barnes is willing to admit. The Board sends representatives to confuse and demoralize the workers in struggles while the employers mobilize for more decisive battles.—B.D.)
>
> It was futile against Ford at Edgewater, and pathetic against National Steel at Weirton. It meets only to adjourn . . . the industrial members don't show up. Even Louis Kirstein, the most devoted of them, is missing. Its chairman, Senator Wagner, is away on Capitol Hill . . .



Dan Rico

its most diligent officer, Dr. William Leiserson, has resigned . . . and gone over to the Petroleum Labor Board, apparently in search of action. As thousands of automobile workers are reported discharged for joining the union, General Johnson removes the limitation on hours in the industry.

This seems to require little comment except that the attitude outlined seems as good a way as any of not doing anything to interfere with the "orderly processes" of American industry —some of which have been mentioned already. Phil Frankfeld, leader of 20,000 unemployed in the Pittsburgh sector, has just been sentenced to from two to four years for heading their struggles for the right to live like human beings. This is the beginning, under the New Deal, of the spring drive for recovery in the steel industry—preceded by the liquidation of the C.W.A. at the behest of the "piratical industrialists" who must be assured of a plentiful supply of hungry workers whether their plants are running or not.

Thirty-three years of twentieth century capitalism! One year of New Deal "recovery"! More than four years of the crisis! There can be no separation of these three facts in any appraisal of the economic status of the American working class.

Fascism and imperialist war are in the air. On the basis of the known facts and their Marxist-Leninist analysis, Communists can say with full confidence that the only way out is the Communist way of organization for, and conquest of, power by the working class fighting every step of the way against the continuous drive of the capitalist class and its government on their wages, living standards and political rights.

For those who see in Fascism a way out I would like to say that this is a country of abundance. Here there is no question of a country stripped of its natural resources by defeat in war or of a country with scanty natural resources where much of the raw materials and food supply must come from abroad. This is the richest country in the world. Its moral standing is already low. American workers are not fools. They know there is enough and to spare of everything here to make life worth living. The program of wanton destruction of necessities and curtailment of production of foodstuffs for the purpose of raising prices of commodities they need and cannot buy, will yet cost the American ruling-class its power.

Marxism-Leninism points the way to a correct appraisal of the present situation of the working class, to the method of changing *in its favor* the relationship of class forces—to a correct estimate of the strategy and tactics of monopoly capital and its N.R.A., it points the way to organization and successful struggle against imperialist war, fascism and endless exploitation. It has, not as a mere symbol of its vitality in the world of declining capitalism, but as a living force—the Soviet Union.

"The centralization of the means of production and the socialization of labor reach a point where they prove incompatible with their capitalist husk. The knell of capitalist private property sounds. The expropriators are expropriated."

OPEN LETTER

The bourgeois gentlemen from Chicago
discusses supply and demand and the curb
price of wheat.
Homosexual young men with a flair for
metaphysics
arch their eyebrows and assign T. S. Eliot to
the archives
(Pardon, Sirs, the archives are overflowing).
Time is of blood and the wind shall cleanse
weak soup from last year's dinner suit.
Time and the direction of the wind
should be reckoned with.
Listen
to the oracle, the Ides of March, etc.
If the soap-box offends the right eye,
pluck it (the eye) out!
The dusty pigeon
flaps his wings like a flag in the breeze
and defecates (with discrimination)
on the bronze statue of the general.
The gentleman (no one knows from where)
speaks:
are you giving your wife satisfaction sex is
the greatest force in life this booklet
endorsed by six governors
five college presidents
three senators . . .

Every rooster crows over his dunghill
and Messrs Roosevelt, Hitler, and Mussolini
yodel over XYZ
while the distinguished litterateur of the South
(Allen Tate, Esq.) dips a scented pen in a
Brown inkwell.

Be that as it may (editorially speaking),
listen to these Communists!
They have something to say and they'll say it.
Stick your fingers in your ears or read Proust,
but you'll listen now—
or shall you wait till later?

WILLARD MAAS.

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War on the Waterfront

EUGENE GORDON

BOSTON.

BEFORE the Marine Workers' Industrial Union entered Boston, the psychology of this town's waterfront was similar to that of a worker who had been driven to panhandling. The A. F. of L.'s International Longshoreman's Association, the only union on the waterfront, had organized some of the whites; a larger number, however, both whites and blacks, did not know what unionization meant. While the general plight of the organized group was unhealthy, that of the other men was wretched. Neither group had much self-respect left in it, although the organized workers looked with some contempt upon the unorganized "scum."

The unorganized were mostly Negroes. The few whites among them did not get on very well with the blacks. The reason was that an artificial but effective barrier had been built up between these Negro unemployed workers and their white fellow-sufferers. They barely tolerated each other; sometimes their intolerance flared into the open.

This is the way it was brought about. When a ship came in at one of the unorganized wharves the unemployed non-union workers would rush fiercely upon the straw-boss. They were like starving dogs at the sound of the dinner gong, each knowing that there were enough scraps left to reach just a few of them. The straw-boss, arrogant, a petty tyrant of the meanest stripe, would order the men into line and, standing back dramatically, would look them over. All this time their excitement at the prospect of failing to get work would whip the men almost to frenzy. The job paid only 67 cents an hour and time and a half for overtime, but, hell! . . . The boss would strut down the line, while the men begged him with their eyes. He would stop here, and pick out a Negro; would stop there, and pick out another. And the whites would swear under their breaths. Sometimes they would swear aloud, and sometimes fighting between them and the blacks could not be averted.

Then the Boston newspapers flew streamer headlines proclaiming the "race riot" on the waterfront. The straw-boss' scheme had worked successfully. He would perhaps receive an extra dollar from his boss for a damned good job. For this elaborate show of "preference" for Negro unorganized longshoremen was a cunningly calculated scheme. A class-conscious white worker explained: "They give the colored fellows the preference so they can keep them and the white fellows separated. If they can keep us at one another's throat all the time, they know there won't be any chance of our coming together and cooperating. You see, they expect all us white fellows to be organized, sooner or later; then, if we should happen to strike, the company could use the colored fellows as allies. You see, all this is just their way of manufacturing scabs out of the colored fellows."

Entering Boston for the first time last July, the Marine Workers' Industrial Union immediately attacked the problem which I. L. A. officials and their ship-owning bosses had aggravated. Building up a militant union here has been hard; it still is. At first ignored with sneering contempt by the I. L. A. aristocrats, the M. W. I. U. today is driving them to distraction. But this distraction is evincing itself not so much in the wringing of pudgy A. F. of L. paws as in desperate acts of violence against individual members of the M. W. I. U. When first noticed by the I. L. A., the M. W. I. U. organizer was frequently threatened by rank and file I. L. A. members. On one or two occasions he was mauled around and told to keep off the docks. He and his comrades knew that these men were following orders of their leaders, these leaders in turn being direct links with the steamship owners and officials. So the M. W. I. U. continued to issue leaflets that exposed the role of I. L. A. officials. Rank and filers in that union read the leaflets; reading, they began to think.

What is the situation today? Well, let the M. W. I. U. organizer absent himself from the waterfront for one day, and rank and filers of the A. F. of L. union will demand aggrievedly to know where he has been so long. They do not say it in so many words, but they unmistakably imply their resentment at being neglected by "you reds." The situation, then, has developed into one in which officials instead of rank and filers have to do the companies' dirty work. Whispering, "Reds! Up and at 'em!", the ship owners could once sit back and gloat while the workers sailed into the militant organizers. Today the bosses have to do the job, aided by the Boston police.

Leading the present coal-boat strike in Boston, the Marine Workers' Industrial Union has encountered hostility on two determined fronts. Since the crews were pulled off the first boats more than two weeks ago, officials both of the International Seamen's Union and the International Longshoremen's Association, A. F. of L. affiliates of the American Steamship Owners Association (all allied with the coal boat owners), have fought desperately to kill the militant organization. This combination represents one of the hostile fronts. The other one is the newspapers.

Here is a strike situation in which at present 13 coal boats are partially or completely at the mercy of their determined crews. It means that little or no coal is being delivered in Boston; it means that a coal shortage is staring the city in the face during the severest winter in the records. Yet no newspaper mentions the strike. Questioned about their silence, the city editors and the labor reporters retort irritably that there is no such thing; that there *is* a so-called union "that hasn't even got a telephone," a bunch that's affiliated with the I. W. W.'s, making "extravagant demands on the ship owners;" but "nobody's paying any attention to them." No; nobody's paying any attention to them; that is, nobody but the ship owners, the seamen (who are filling the M. W. I. U. headquarters to overflowing every day), the police who have mounted machine-guns on the ships to keep the strike committees off), members of the John Reed Club, the National Student League, and the Young Communist League (who are helping to keep up the strikers' morale with entertainment and food). No; aside from these, nobody's paying any attention to the Marine Workers' Industrial Union—except the newspapers. For, let there be no question about it, the newspapers are alertly on the job. What they are doing now is deliberately and consciously suppressing that part of the news which they *fear* to print, lest it cause panic.

Why, they ask themselves, should we publish the fact that only a few tons of coal are available during the worst winter some of us have ever seen? Why, it might cause discontent, and criticism of the government. In other words, the newspapers are doing their part under the code they have recently signed. Their part is to suppress any news that might "inflame the public mind"; such news, for instance, as that of the three seamen whom everybody on the waterfront knew to be missing from the Glen White except Boston's city editors.

In the meantime the strike goes on. Nobody can tell how long it will last. By the time this article appears it may be over; again, it may have spread. At present, there are thirteen coal boats tied up in and around Boston harbor. Boston is the focal point, both because most of the seamen live here and because the Marine Workers' Industrial Union, despite its youth, is strongest here.

The strike is aimed in general against the shipowners' code; specifically, it is aimed at all the abuses aristocrats of the International Seamen's Union and the coal-boat owners have crammed down the seamen's throats since these workers can remember: coal trimming, which is the job of longshoremen; insufficient and rotten food (literally rotten, at times); refusal to recognize the Marine Workers' Industrial Union; starvation pay; blacklists; refusal to agree to central shipping bureaus controlled by seamen and longshoremen; withholding of pay (on some of the richest lines) *for as long as six months at a time!*

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An American Tradition

NATHAN ADLER

THE pirate gentlefolk who rule America have nurtured many myths. It has pleased them especially to speak and write of the essential American spirit of rugged individualism, to insist upon every occasion, that collective bargaining is alien to an American culture.

When the American revolutionists rewrites history, however, they will dispell this "sacred" and obscuring aura. They will write of the maximum wage law of two shillings a day that was introduced but one year after the revolution of seventy six. They will write of the early Conspiracy Laws that were utilized to break strikes: there were many strikes in the golden, democratic days. They will tell of the bayonetted militia sent against picket lines in the days of Washington and Jefferson. Searching back long before that merchant struggle for the free market (which has been called the American revolution), the workingclass will find its heritage; struggle and solidarity: their bones in the prisons, their blood soaked deep in the deep American soil.

New York in 1741 was an idyllic country. The burghers walking along the sea wall at the Battery watched the fishermen lolling on the bay. Back from the bay rolled the tranquil Brooklyn hills. The bell buoy rolled gently on the waters, chiming an angelus for the gulls.

The righteous, Christian burghers strolled contentedly past the fort, past the sea wall, glancing with approval upon their city. It crept, tendril-like, from the bay, spreading to the farm country near Chambers Street and beyond it to Canal Street and the deep woods, and the wilderness.

But an idyllic country does not change a boss. A pastoral tranquillity won't check a wage cut. In 1741 the journeymen bakers of New York struck. The leaders were arrested, convicted of a conspiracy not to bake bread, and the strike was broken. Little more is known. The masters save few of these early documents.

That same year the Negro slaves rebelled. It was the struggle of a people young in revolutionary experience. Their methods foreordained their failure. It is as our heritage, as our American tradition of struggle, that we must view these early days.

There were ten thousand people in the city of whom more than one fifth were Negro slaves. Unlike the southern plantation, where one group was isolated from another by many miles, the New York Negroes found it easy to communicate with one another and with the sailors from the ships that entered the harbor. They lived as an organic social group.

The burghers feared their slaves and punished them for the slightest offenses. The gentlefolk remembered 1712; they could hear the sputterings of this young flame, and dreading the consequences, enacted stringent laws prohibiting Negro assemblage.

On April 7, 1712, between one and two o'clock in the morning, the home of Peter Van Tilburg had been set on fire as a signal for a general Negro revolt. The white merchants, as they ran towards the blazing building, saw a band of Negroes in the flamelight. Armed with guns and knives they were grouped before the Van Tilburg house. Other Negroes, kept running up and, presenting a solid front, the slaves faced their white masters before the burning house.

Gunshots ripped through the night, knives were wielded. Some whites ran to the Governor at the Battery. A cannon was fired from the ramarts to arouse the town. The soldiers, wakened, marched to the house, their bayonets gleaming under the flame red sky. The slaves fought bravely till they saw the bayonets glitter in the firelight. Outnumbered, the Negro fighters fired one last volley and retreated north into the forests.

Pursued by the soldiers and the white mob the Negroes made for the woods and swamps. Many buried themselves in the deeper forest near Canal Street. Many were taken prisoners, some killed themselves rather than return to the custody of the whites. Exactly how many were captured and killed is not known, but the number must have been great. "During the day," the historian writes, "*nineteen more* were taken, tried, and executed."

If the burghers remembered 1712, so did the slaves. During the winter of 1741 (England was at war with Spain) a Spanish vessel had been captured. The crew, for the most part Negro, had been put up at the auction block and sold into the town. The floggings they received served only to fan the discontent that sputtered and smouldered in the city.

March the eighteenth was a wild, blustering day. The governor's house in the fort was found afire. Fanned by a fierce wind the flames spread to the King's Chapel, to the secretary's home, to the barracks and the stables. The entire fort was on fire! The fire was supposed to be an accident; no evidence of a plot could be found.

A few days later the home of Captain Warren, near the fort, was found ablaze. Two or three days after, the storehouse of Van Zandt went up in smoke. Still there was no general suspicion. Three days more—a cow stall burned down; a few hours later the home of Thompson. In this case the fire originated in the room where a slave slept. The next day live coals were found in the stable of John Murry on Broadway. Evidently, these fires were not accidental. The incidents of the past week arranged themselves into a pattern. The whites were thoroughly frightened.

Soon after, the home of a sergeant living near the fort, burst into flame. That same day a dwelling in Fly Market became a fire box. A Negro belonging to a prominent citizen leaped from the window as smoke began curling from the house. A shout was set up and he was pursued. He vaulted the garden fence and ran for the woods.

At about this time, a Mrs. Earle who lived on Broadway, said she had been sitting at her window one afternoon and saw three Negroes strolling up the street. A light breeze brought some of their words to her. She heard one say, "Fire, fire . . . scorch . . . a little down bye and bye." She reported this incident to her aldermen who carried it to the justices. The whites were panic stricken. One of the Spanish sailors was questioned; his answers were unsatisfactory and elusive and the entire crew was arrested and thrown into jail.

While the magistrates were in session that same afternoon, the cry of fire ran again through the town. The militia was called out and sentries were posted on all streets. The whites became panicky and hysterical; they packed everything of value they possessed and began a hurried exodus from the town. Anything that had wheels was seized. Belongings were gathered, families were bundled into wagons and carts, and the hegira towards the farms beyond Chambers Street was in full progress.

The town authorities, too, were panicky. They herded all the slaves into jail; Negroes of all ages—children of ten and old women of seventy. The court was convened but no proof of conspiracy could be established. A reward of one hundred pounds and full pardon, was offered anyone who would turn state's evidence.

On April 21, the court sat with Judges Phillips and Horsmander presiding, and a jury was impanelled. There were many prisoners but there was not enough evidence to bring even one man to trial. Among the first to be examined was Mary Burton, a young servant girl. There were rumors that she had spoken of a rendezvous in a Negro tavern near the Hudson River.

When she was brought before the Grand Jury she refused to be sworn. She was threatened, but with no success. She was promised pardon and protection, the judges attempted to bribe her, showing her the money. She spat on their money, showing an independence and strength that won the admiration even of the white jury.

Finally she was ordered back to jail. Terrified, she consented to be sworn. After taking the oath she refused to say anything about the fires. The judges appealed to her, they painted the terrors of final judgment and the

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AMERICAN LANDSCAPE — *Jose Clemente Orozco*

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torments of Hell; with unctuous voices they played upon the ignorance and superstition they had inculcated into this brave young Negress. They beat in on her insistently, painting picture after picture, each more terrifying than the one that had preceded it. Finally, half-hysterical, she spoke.

She told of slave meetings at the tavern; of plans to make a "country of their own." It was the plot of 1712 again.

May 11, the executions began. Caesar and Prince, two Negroes that Mary Burton had implicated, were hanged in chains. The bodies were left on the scaffold as a lesson to others. Quack and Cuffee, two others, were the first to be burnt at the stake. Curious crowds gathered to see the building of the stakes, stared at the wagon loads of wood drawn through the streets, watched the men pile the faggots under the blue Spring sky. The mob lingered till the curling smoke hid the two black bodies, they hung delightedly on every scream and shriek till the fires screamed no more.

Through Mary Burton's confession 154 Negroes were jailed. Two by two, on the scaffold, at the stake, they were murdered because they dared dream of freedom, of "a country of their own." 'Some died laughing," the records say, "mocking the crowds that came to watch."

The bodies swung in the June air, in full view of the fishermen lounging on the bay. Through three weeks of sunshine and storm the bodies dangled and twirled like limp censers. Under the heat of the sun they bloated and decomposed; they began to drip. The stench of rotting flesh, the drip, drip, drip of decaying bodies—flesh and blood of workingmen—was soaking into American soil, becoming American soil. America had been baptized.

Short-Sighted Millionaires

MARGARET WRIGHT MATHER

UNDER this heading, Demarest Lloyd, millionaire publisher of Affairs, the little $10-a-year mimeographed weekly low-down on national and international affairs, sounds the tocsin for his "oppressed minority" of fellow millionaires to divert some of their cash into the American Coalition of Patriotic Societies "in order to preserve the American political and industrial systems."

The millionaires are spending too much money on "digging up dead men's bones," counsels Lloyd. They had better look about them, to observe that the "red hordes" are about ready to pounce on their money bags and institute socialism by "dividing up."

Horrendous thought! It came upon the Washington millionaire only recently when he was invited by a fellow-grabber to go on an "archeological expedition." "It was naturally most interesting," Lloyd concedes, "but the overwhelming impression was one of pathetic futility in this spending of millions of dollars for the digging up of dead men's bones by persons who, he happened to know, refused to contribute more than a few paltry thousands to a promising array of patriotic societies, battling to defend the immigration law against attacks by hyphenated blocs, to curb Communism, and insure reliable national defense—in other words, fighting for those very things so essential to prevent our civilization from going the way of those which had long since vanished."

A perfect epitaph for "our civilization"—the all-important task in defending it is to screw down the lid on foreign-born workers, to obliterate native radical workers and to prepare for mass murder!

Down with "gifts to libraries, endowments to educational institutions, funds for scientific research, foreign missions, for star-gazing, and, last but not least, archeology," and up with funds for the American Coalition of Patriotic Societies, yankeeized Hitlerism and war.

It would be hard to run across a more classic example of the ossification which seizes a leisure class whose function—if it ever had one—is embalmed with the dead men's bones Lloyd writes about.

Lloyd himself is the perfect example of the American capitalist going to seed. Once these capitalists were robber barons who gutted a continent, but at any rate there was left behind them certain tangible things—railroads, factories, slum cities. If a Harriman, or a Gould, or a Hill or a Yerkes had plundered, at any rate there was some physical reminder that he had been glorifying capitalism on God's footstool.

But the Lloyd ilk is impotent even for that. There are no more railroads, factories, slum cities to be built. They can only sit on the stinking heap, sucking in interest and dividends from the ruins and beseeching support for American Coalitions, for fear the stinking heap will be blown to bits by an enraged working class.

This Lloyd, for example, who is the kind of writer who has to own a paper in order to get such ideas as he may have published, has never earned a penny nor created a new thing of value. All his life he has lived in contemptuous idleness from interest drained from the arch-jingoistic journal, the Chicago Tribune. It was his good fortune to be born a grandson of one of the founders of that wealthiest and most reactionary of American dailies.

Abbott

"DON'T TELL ME! I'VE BEEN A SOCIALIST THIRTY YEARS!"

Need it be said that his Washington residence is a hangout for Russian White Guards and Fascists, that his wife is the flattered guest of the Nazi ambassador and that her own salon is unhonored indeed if it lacks a choice assortment of Russian counts and Georgian princes among its chief panhandlers? If Chairman Dickstein of the House immigration committee is sincere in his search for facts about Nazi propaganda in the United States, Demarest Lloyd would prove a most interesting witness.

Social reformers have fought for two generations for sharp inheritance taxes on fortunes siphoned out of workers and farmers by the like of Lloyd. They can find a bitter piece of irony in his case, because his father, Henry Demarest Lloyd, was one of the founders of American social reformism. In his *Wealth vs. Commonwealth,* Lloyd père first sounded the tocsin against John D. Rockefeller and his oilcan monopoly, and in his *Lords of Industry* he reviled the anthracite barons who at that time were trying to strangle the newborn anthracite miners' union.

Lloyd fils admits the strain on the family 'scutcheon. He declares he is a "reformed Socialist, who has 'gone Right' to militant conservatism through liberalism and progressivism."

Going, going, "gone Right" until he has become Matt Woll's buddy in all his anti-Soviet, anti-worker manoeuvres, and a chief financial agent for the forces of white guardism in America. What a shining paragon he is of all the capitalist virtues! The question is: how far right must a Socialist go to get to Matt Woll? The answer: not very.

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A Veteran Looks at His Cards

JOHN L. SPIVAK

NEW ORLEANS.

JOHN T. WENTZ was a patriot. When the Spanish-American war broke out he joined the Army; when Wilson gave Mexico a taste of democracy, John T. Wentz was there, and when the World War broke out, though he was just over the age limit, he did what he could to save democracy.

When things got pretty bad under Hoover, John Wentz blamed the "damned Republicans." He and his partner had managed to build a nice little business in New Orleans and they were getting along when the crash came in 1929. By cutting here and there, they still managed to keep their heads above water.

When Roosevelt was elected John Wentz said now the damned Republicans were out, the Democrats would restore prosperity. Roosevelt said the blue eagle would show the way and the partners hired extra help. Overhead was increased and sales did not justify the bigger payroll, but they did not want to fire the new employees, so the partners trimmed everybody's salaries instead, including their own.

Still, business did not pick up. But Roosevelt was in Washington and if he did not succeed in one thing, he would try another. Sure enough, sections of the alphabet came floating into the public ken: C.C.C., P.W.A., C.W.A.—the whole long list of letters. The newspapers were overjoyed. They said business was picking up, employment increasing. John Wentz did not find it so in his business. He saw small business men all about him go under and finally he had to let the N.R.A. employees go, much as he hated to.

By this time the partners' business was not bringing in enough to support both and John Wentz decided to get out and appeal to the government for work. The government which he had defended came to his rescue. It made him statistician for the Louisiana branch of the Department of Labor's National Re-employment Service. The government wanted to know just how many people were being put to work and the drift of labor since the depression from one type of work to another.

Today John T. Wentz sits behind a desk in New Orleans loaded with reports from the sixty-three government relief offices in Louisiana. More than a score of clerks gather the reports, sift them and give them to him; then he analyzes them and sends the summaries to Washington.

He is getting on in years, is John T. Wentz. You can see that as he sits there, a heavy-set man, grim-jawed and sullen. The application cards that flow before him have told him what has happened not only in New Orleans, but in the state; from the papers he sees that the rich are still rich, millionaires are still millionaires, and politicians are still getting graft. And the aging man is bewildered.

There is John Smith's card. He is a Negro longshoreman, one of the 8,000 who used to work around the docks. About half of those longshoremen, 90 percent of whom are Negroes, got C.W.A. jobs as soon as they were made available, for they and their families were starving. Now they are being thrown back upon the deserted wharves—New Orleans is no longer the second largest port in the country, it is fourth now and its miles of concrete docks and sheds are like grave yards. There is little work for John Smith on the docks, maybe a day or two once a week or once in two weeks. He earns $5.60 and a family can't live on that, so John Smith is asking the government for the $9.40 job at anything. There are thousands of John Smiths, black and white, destitute, starving. Here are their cards, neatly piled in batches.

Those Negroes were the hardest hit. Unskilled they are, and though they are only 26 percent of the total New Orleans population they are getting 60 percent of the total charity distributions. This means that wherever possible a Negro's job was given to a white man and the Negro went on charity.

"How many people are unemployed in New Orleans?" I ask him.

"I don't know," he says. "I don't believe anyone knows."

I had just left the Association for Commerce. I was told there were 203,000 workers in New Orleans, 203,000 out of a total population of 460,000! Normally a population of 460,000 would mean about 100,000 workers. To find 200,000 means that a tremendous flood of wives and children have been thrown upon the labor market in desperate efforts to keep their homes and families from disintegrating under the hammering of the depression.

Here is Henry Jones, a plasterer, a good union man, too. New Orleans was once an American Federation of Labor stronghold with most crafts organized. Today organized labor is just a name. The Department of Labor says Henry Jones' wages since the depression fell from $1 an hour to 75 cents an hour and that is the scale on which the government bases comparisons between wages and living costs. But Henry Jones says the best he can get is 40 cents an hour—when he can find occasional work. He is willing to use a pick and shovel, he is willing to do anything to get $9.40 a week for himself and his family, but the government is firing men, not hiring them.

"There's something wrong in this country," John Wentz says. "Something wrong if the rich have all the money and these men and women are starving."

He fingered the carbon copy of a telegram lying on a batch of sheets. An angry, sullen light was in his eyes.

"I'm head of the Spanish War veterans in this state," he said quietly. "I just sent a telegram to Washington. Six war veterans committed suicide rather than starve when the government stopped their pensions. Not all of them were able to work—like myself. The pension was all they had."

He looked at the stacks of cards.

"War veterans. Lots of them," he said. "Begging for bread and those profiteers who got rich off the war are still rich."

He paused and added:

"Patriotism, Mister, don't pay!"

"What good does it do to hate the government?"

"I don't hate the government. I hate all those God damned politicians who are just working for the rich, not for the people. The government's feeding me. Sure. Since I've been here on this job I've had my salary cut twice. Everybody has, but the government didn't stop the business men from raising prices on bread and milk and meat—some of them have doubled in price since the N.R.A.

"Sure. The government has home loan banks, too, to help you save your home. Yeah! Try and get a loan from them and see what you get! I lost mine!

"I fought for my country. I paid my taxes. I lived an honest, decent life. But those rich bastards in New York never did a thing except to take everybody's money away. Take Morgan. He can get away with not paying an income tax. But I couldn't. He didn't shoulder a rifle and eat rotten food while waiting to get a bullet through his head. No, sir! But he's living off the fat of the land and we're starving."

"What'll you do if another war starts?"

"I'm too old to do anything, but I'll tell you what a lot of the boys are saying," he said grimly. "They're saying that if those politicians want to start a war, let 'em start it and they can do the fighting. We've learned our lesson. Get blown to hell and then sit on the sidewalk with a hat in your hand. Or stand outside a government office begging for a job so you can get something to eat!"

"Yeah? When the flag starts waving, you and the rest will shoulder guns all over again."

He thought it over carefully and then shook his head.

"I don't think so, Mister. You haven't heard the veterans talk."

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I pointed to the cards and the sheets with columns of figures.

"What do they tell?" I asked. "Things picking up?"

He shook his head.

"I don't see it from these figures. Looks to me like things are getting worse. Millions spent and only two and a half percent of the unemployed registered with the government agencies for work given jobs—many of them temporary."

"What's the average wage for those who do work?"

"I don't know. Anywhere from 30 cents an hour up. We have no records on that. I don't believe there are any. Things are too upset. Just in a muddle. No one knows just how bad things are."

The government does not know some of the basic facts, the Association for Commerce does not know, what's left of organized labor officialdom does not know. No one seems to know or care. They give one the impression of just rushing around in dizzy circles.

"Now that the C.W.A. is being liquidated and more added to the unemployed, what'll happen? I've been to the charities and they say they simply can't take care of the increased number of applicants."

"I don't know what we'll do except that there'll be hell to pay, that's all," he said quietly. "You can't throw millions of people out of work just like that—even if that work brings only a few dollars. If those politicians know what's good for them, they'd better not stop it."

"You mean the people will rebel, start a revolution?"

"No. No revolution. You can't organize these people and you have to have an organization for a revolution. But you'll have fights, riots, plenty of bloodshed. These people are going to eat—and so am I.

"I wouldn't join a revolution against the government, but I'll sure take a rifle against those politicians in Washington. And there's a lot more like me."

"What good would that do?"

"Lynch a couple of those politicians and shoot a scoundrel like Morgan and throw their bodies in the river and you'll find the rest of them singing a different song."

"Is that the only solution you have to getting out of this mess?"

"There ain't no other solution. It's the millionaires and the politicians that are back of this depression and if you finish them, you can get a real new deal."

And what John T. Wentz says is being said all over New Orleans, more by the white collar class than the utterly destitute unskilled black and white workers.

Princeton Revisited

MICHAEL BLANKFORT

Time was when I and others bore into the night,
bore into the speckled pages, sunk our eyes in them,
sucked up the canny and most subtle scholarship.
In those days I walked the college lanes,
benumbed by beauty and narcotized by quiet.
I thought. I read. I played with books.
Pale, old faces, portraits of benign
and understanding saints were soft with human love.
Young, overeager, concentrated faces intent on the good
and their science, and the majesty of learning.
Stalwart minds, new and old, possessed and passionate,
stripped and hungry, strained for truth.
Then I was so much a man.
But
This is the time of men.

And the lone dynamo, college plant, hummed, drummed,
beat unceasing in the night, in the day. Dynamo
massed the air, flushed the ear, gave College light,
created the soft incandescence
under which I read and studied, learnt new talk.
And once I closed my books and slowly shut the door
upon the laboratory, and switched off the lights.
Only for a little while, I said, and I'll return.
The lab, the library, Nassau and Grad College, dynamo
and the hundred odd angles of delight will be there
when I return.
Then I was so much a man.
But
This is the time of men.

Was the world the same? or was it that I saw
with eyes that had not seen before? Was the anarchic
music, streets and planes, subways, autos, voices,
presses, liners bellowing to sea, the same?
Or did I hear with ears that had not heard before?
And had all my senses been indulgent, fat with sleep,
or did they never live until I heard the bugle call?
Call it was. The clearest, blood-swooping cry I ever heard.
Call like a full, polyvoiced choir but crystal, sharp, precise.

THE HISTORY OF ALL HITHERTO SOCIETY IS
THE HISTORY
OF CLASS STRUGGLES.

Bread became grain, and grain, farmers and poverty.
Ships became steel, and steel, stokers, blastmen and poverty.
Chairs, tables, walls, desks became wood, and wood, lumbermen,
and lumbermen, trainmen, freighthandlers became poverty.
And money became greed, and greed became war, and war
became
death and became poverty and terror and revolution
of the workers and of the farmers of all the world.
I heard the trumpeting:
YOU HAVE NOTHING TO LOSE BUT YOUR
CHAINS!
I heard the horns: WORKERS OF THE WORLD
UNITE!
I heard the marchers sing, and the starving plan.
I unfurled with their banners, and yearned with their cries.
INTERNATIONALE opened my organs and stamped
upon me
and my blood sang, and they answered, and I sang.
I was no longer so much of a man.
This is the time of men.

And I went back for my books, my formulae, my notes.
And the pale, old faces were flaky like blistered paint,
and the young, intent, concentrated faces were
foetal, albino, blank faces intent on grubbing
a little selfish, scientific corner for themselves.
And I sunk my eyes into their minds and they seemed
the smallest shred of nothingness, a wasted
miniscule of time ten thousand years before.

And only the dynamo drummed and I patted it saying:
tomorrow, TOMORROW when men are here, not man,
the light you birth will open up the books to eyes
worthy of the books and the truth and the light.
This is the time of men.

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Correspondence

Torture in Belgrade

To The New Masses:

In connection with the review notice, in your issue of Feb. 27, of my pamphlet *Struggle* (published by Arthur Whipple, 6119 N. Virgil Ave., Los Angeles), may I be allowed to say, in fairness to all concerned, that neither Dr. Canby nor anyone else connected with the Book-of-the-Month Club had anything to do with my omitting the material contained in the pamphlet from my book *The Native's Return?*. It was all my own idea.

After the first-hand account of tortures of political prisoners in Yugoslavia originally appeared in the September New Masses, I received letters from radicals who told me they had never read anything so horrible. One woman wrote that it made her sick for days. A man said he had been unable to finish it, it was so awful. I saw then that if even radicals could not stand reading it, it certainly was not, in that form, for the general public: and, frankly, I aimed *The Native's Return* at the general public—for very good reasons which would take too much space to state here, but which I am sure most Marxists would approve. Had I included this narrative of tortures in the book, I believe thousands of readers now reading it would have recoiled from it, or would ultimately have remembered nothing contained therein but this story; and thus some of my reasons for writing *The Native's Return* would have been defeated.

But actually my compromise was only in the matter of presentation. I omitted the story in the form in which it apeared in The New Masses, but the main facts therein are all in *The Native's Return,* scattered through several chapters; see index under "Terror." I scattered the material in the book so that it occupies what I think is proportional importance—proportional to other things, as important as terror, that I wanted Americans and others to know about Yugoslavia.

I published my translation of the horrible story as it appeared in New Masses separately in this pamphlet entitled *Struggle* because I thought it worth putting it into more permanent form. The story, I think, is an important contribution to the revolutionary literature of the modern world.

Louis Adamic.

American Wealth

To The New Masses:

In his review of Doane's *Measurement of American Wealth,* Fletcher, it seems to me, might have rendered greater service to the readers of The New Masses if he had listed more of the pertinent statistics, gathered by Doane, instead of dwelling so much on the theme that the "author gives his moral approval to the present order." This is a book in statistical acounting, not in economic theory, and unless there is reason to believe that his statistics suffer from his theoretical bias, which Fletcher does not claim, we should be concerned with what his statistics mean to us rather than with the conclusions he himself draws from them.

Here are some of the statistics brought together by Doane which seem to me might prove of no slight interest to New Masses' readers:

1. The total wealth of the United States just before the present crisis set in amounted to nearly $425,000,000,000,—or to about $3,500 per man, woman and child living in this country at the time.

2. In 1893, corporations held 20 percent of the total profit-bearing wealth of the country; in 1929 they held 75 percent.

3. In 1918, 90 percent of the corporate business of the country was done by 12.3 percent of the corporations; in 1928 this proportion of the corporate business was done by 6 percent of the corporations.

4. In 1929, the 1.7 percent of the total number of corporations that filed consolidated financial statements, did 45 percent of the total volume of all corporate business of the country and netted 54 percent of the total corporate profits.

5. In 1929, 56 percent of the total wealth of the country was in the hands of individuals. By 1932, this portion had dwindled to less than 33 percent, and of this one-third, fully a third represented claims on corporate and non-corporate wealth,—rather than by free ownership. This shift in ownership of American wealth in a matter of 36 months, the author characterizes as "the most rapid, drastic and gigantic dissipation, redistribution and transformation of capital that has, in all probability, ever taken place in so short a period of time in any individual economy in the history of modern times."

6. Wages continue to make up about 55 percent of the total national income. That is, of every $100 that labor produces, only $55 is returned to the worker. The other $45 are distributed: $15 in "rent," in payment of the permanent capital equipment; $10 in interest on bonds, etc., and some $20 in profits, although the last two items show considerable fluctuation between themselves as times change from periods of prosperity to periods of depression.

7. A commentary on the workings of the profits system is the huge amount of the national income that is derived from "illicit activities" as Doane calls them—from liquor, rackets, bribes, vice, etc., running up to a total of some $5 billions a year, half of which the aut or labels plain "fraud." This income from "illicit" activities averages about 10 percent to 12 percent f the total annually paid out in wages.

8. Total profits, acoi ling to Doane, have been increasing at about 6.8 percent per annum. This is about the rate of growth of total business and the growth of the debt burden, "but at a rate a full 1 percent above that of individual total income and of total wealth."

9. During the twenty-year period, 1909-1929, interest payments grew at the rate of 9.3 percent a year; rents, at the rate of 7.8 percent a year; dividends, at the rate of 7.1 percent a year, and wages *and* salaries (including the high salaries of top executives), at the rate of 6.5 percent a year.

10. Between 1860 and 1932 agricultural wealth has declined from 48 percent of the total national wealth to 8 percent; agriculture's portion of the national annual business (producer expenditures) has declined from 2.9 billion in a total of 9.7 billions in 1860 to 12.0 billion in a total of 277.6 billion in 1929, that is, from 29.6 percent to 3.7 percent.

11. Of the "liquid" wealth of the country 83 percent was owned by less than 1 percent of the population in 1929; the other 17 percent was owned by 99.03 percent of the people.

12. Finally, there is the fact, which the author thinks a 'curious phenomenon," of the almost continuous decline in the *rate* of profit of American industry, whether measured on the basis of gross receipts, gross sales, or capital invested. Taking the latter as the more pertinent base, we find that since 1909 the *rate* of profit has declined from an average of over 16 percent during the first five years of the period to slightly over 11 percent during the most prosperous five-year period, 1924-1928. It has declined still further since 1929.

Here clearly we have a factual proof of Marx's analysis of the inevitable results of the growth of the organic composition of capital—under the capitalist-industrial system. The ever-increasing use of machinery and other fixed capital in modern industry results in a decrease in the proportion of total man-hour labor power used, and as the man-hour labor power is the sole source of surplus value,—profits, interest, rent,—and as rents and interest remain more or less stationary for long periods of time, profits as a *percent* of capital investment, that is the *rate* of profit, declines. At the same time, the increased productivity of labor power applied to larger amounts of capital makes possible an increase in the *total* amount of profits. John Irving.

Justice in the Philippines

To The New Masses:

There are now in the Bilibid Prison, Manila, P. I., 20 Filipino young men who have led the Filipino masses for a fight for better living conditions against wage cuts, for freedom of speech, assembly, and the right to organize. These men were branded "criminals," and after they were beaten and put through mock trial, they were thrown into the jail where they are now being tortured. The Filipino Anti-Imperialist League, in conjunction with the I. L. D. and other organizations, have formed an Action Committee to carry on a fight for the unconditional release of these men. Mass meetings and conferences have been held to elect a delegation to protest to Pres. Roosevelt and to the Filipino Resident Commissioners at Washington. Such a delegation has been elected at a mass meeting held at Irving Plaza, Feb. 4th, 1934. The delegation expects to leave for Washington, Saturday March 3rd, to present its demand for the release of the men (Crisanto Evangelisto, Capaducia and others) in the medieval jail in the Philippines. The delegation is composed of representatives from the Filipino Anti-Imperialist League, the I.L.D., the Civil Liberties Union, the TUUL, the Communist Party and other organizations. B. Schor.

Books for Workers

To The New Masses:

The Harlem Workers' School library is badly in need of books. This is of course a serious handicap in the school work, and to the movement in general in Harlem. We are making an appeal to the readers of The New Masses to send us any books on Communism, Marxism, Negro Problems, etc., that they are not using. There must be many readers who are letting such books get dusty on their shelves —why not put them into use for the working class? Send or bring any books that you can spare to the Harlem Workers' School, 200 West 135 Street.

The Library Committee.

The Contributors

BILL DUNNE, formerly editor of the Daily Worker, is writing his autobiography which will also comprise the history of American labor in the twentieth century.

MARGARET WRIGHT MATHER is making an intensive study of American millionaires.

LISTON N. OAK is the editor of Soviet Russia Today.

G. F. WILLISON, author of various studies in sociology, teaches in an experimental school in the East.

MURRAY GODWIN is a frequent contributor of articles and book reviews to leading periodicals.

ORRICK JOHNS, author of several volumes of poetry, has recently completed a novel.

WILLARD MAAS contributes poems and reviews to various periodicals.

MABEL DWIGHT has recently exhibited lithographs in the Whitney Museum of New York City.

KENNETH FEARING is the author of a volume of poems, *Angel Arms.*

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Titan of Literature

EDWARD NEWHOUSE

ONE of the young men was tall, the other short, and the third middle-sized. The apartment house lobby was large, it was on central Park West, and expensive and subdued and interior decorated. The three young men stirred uncomfortably. They had been kicked off the university "Bulletin" for opposition to military training. Then they had published an independent periodical which attacked the trustees, the president, the coaches, the capitalist system and anything else that was handy. Then they had been indefinitely suspended in the due course of events.

They needed money. They wanted to publicize their case and get out another issue of their sheet to put the facts before the student body. For a while they had no idea where the money was coming from. On Sunday the tall one looked into the rotogravure section and saw a portrait of The Author. The appropriate graying around the temples, the soft eyes and large benevolent mouth gave him the idea and called up the Author's secretary.

And now they were shuffling around in the lobby. "Do you think he'll give it?" the short one said.

The ineffably sartorial official returned, motioned expressively with his index finger, and said, "*He* will see one of you at this time."

The other two looked at the middle-sized one. He stepped forward with the consciousness of being the smoothest talker. The official deposited him in an elevator and said, "Penthouse."

Upstairs a Filipino with a thin waistline bowed him through some anterooms. He was too flustered with a sense of luxury to note anything in particular. The Filipino indicated a small flight of stairs. He went up and walked into the study.

The Author was leaning against a vast baroque desk. He wore a pale green dressing gown and a cordial expression.

"The gentleman from the Bulletin?" he inquired.

The young man thought he would also be clever. "A characterization both of whose premises may be justly impugned," he said.

The Author's eyebrows rose. "Ordinarily," he said, "I don't give interviews. Your request caught me in an acquiescent mood. I was engaged in splashing about the room with a tin basin and a couple of towels, washing off the glass in all my several million pictures. They really do get terribly dirty, what with their misguided owner's pertinacious efforts toward ruining his health by incessant smoking. I have never been able to train anyone to wash pictures without slopping the water through at the corners and making unpleasant looking brown spots. It seemed there was something vaguely ridiculous in the spectacle of a highly gifted novelist plying that rag and devoting all his undeniable ability to getting the proper polish. I was amused. My secretary entered with a number of phone messages, among which I found yours. Hence my consent."

The young man rested his weight on his right leg; soon he shifted to the left.

"Offhand," the Author resumed, "I would judge you to be a reasonably thoughtful individual. That the interview might not lag, you have no doubt prepared an elaborate questionnaire to which I shall not allow you to resort. Favor me by observing a respectful if not reverent silence during your brief sojourn here. I shall take pains to acquaint you with enough comments and idiosyncrasies to fill your article."

"But—" thought the young man, and shifted back to his right. The Author led him to a chair and handed him pen and paper.

"Take these down," he said, "these are aphorisms by which I live. You may recognize the sources.

"The only artist who has a chance of longevity is he who shuns the 'vital,' the 'gripping,' and the contemporary.

"Life is no cleaner than a kitchen, and if you mean to cook your dinner you must expect to soil your hands. The real art is in getting them clean again and therein lies the whole morality of our epoch.

"Men are poor monkeys, hiding from themselves behind the sounds called words.

"There is a point in every philosophy at which the 'conviction' of the philosopher appears on the scene or, to put it into the words of an ancient mystery,

Adventavit asinus,
Pulcher et fortissimus.

"Observe, then, that I lack that valuable illusion which sustained Descartes and Bacon who believed in themselves when they believed in no one else. This last formulation belongs to the great Jacques Thibault. You read French, I take it?"

"No," said the middle-sized student, "I don't."

"That is a pity. Only those who have read *Thais* in the French shall have long life, for 'We shall live long if we feel much.' Aldous Huxley is wrong in saying it is a boy's book. Possibly the English translations are. Those of Ernest Tristan and Robert B. Douglas are the least unsatisfactory. I myself have essayed to transmit the spirit of some passages. My friend O— P— has bound them into an attractive volume to which my friend A— K—, the illustrator, supplied drawings executed with much skill and ribaldry. This is it. Take your pen, youth.

" 'Men suffer because they are deprived of what they believe to be a benefit, or else, possessing it, they fear to lose it; or because they suffer that which they believe to be a wrong. Suppress all belief of this kind, and all evils would disappear.' "

"They would?" the young man said.

The Author's train of thought was apparently disrupted. He replaced the volume and sought to indicate disapproval by an imperceptible elevation of the left eyebrow. He gazed intently at the ivory Buddha paperweight. "A curio of incisive delicacy, a truly ironical conception . . . " he mused.

The young man looked at the Buddha and was about to chew on the unfamiliar pen, but the feather of it got into his nose and he sneezed heartily. The upward tilt of the eyebrow became accentuated. Its possessor settled into an armchair and tapped on his kneecap.

He said, "I shall list some personal preferences after which you may ask three questions. My fav—"

The young man said, "I'm afraid there's a misunderstanding."

Disregarding him completely, the Author proceeded, "My favorites among fictional characters are Marius the Epicurean and Des Esseintes among dramatists, Wycherley and Congreve; among perfumes, a heavy lily of the valley; contemporaries, Cabell . . . " and he stopped short. Either for effect or because he saw the wild light in the student's eye, he stopped short.

"Please ask the three questions," he said peremptorily.

"What are your views on freedom of the press?"

"No views at all. Never have I come across a true aristocrat of the spirit who found his efforts at publication hampered. Have you?"

The young man appeared disturbed. "Well," he said, "I'm uncertain as to exactly what you mean by an 'aristocrat of the spirit'." The eyebrow soared to new heights. "I can tell you the president of X University doesn't share my views on the subject. That's why I'm up here, and not to interview you. I thought we made that clear to your secretary. Three of us were bounced off the Bulletin, so we published a paper of our own and they suspended us indefinitely. We want to put out a second issue to fight for reinstatement, but we need a hundred dollars. We thought you'd advance the money because we can't seem to be able to drum it up anywhere else. It's only a matter of advancing, because the issue would sell enormously on the campus and we'd return the money within a week. Here's the suppressed number of the Bulletin and the first issue of—"

The Author rose to his full height and stretched a long arm toward the door. His lips curled in elaborately perfected fine disdain. The student also rose and looked at him, stupefied. The eyebrows contracted and the extended arm made an impatient motion. A clock ticked faintly.

The middle-sized young man wove several colloquialisms into two sentences—one declarative, the other imperative — both executed with much verve and ribaldry. Then he went downstairs to rejoin his companions.

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Books

Mr. Jekyll and Comrade Hyde

TOO TRUE TO BE GOOD, VILLAGE WOOING and ON THE ROCKS. Three Plays by Bernard Shaw. Dodd, Mead and Company. $2.50.

DESPITE his venerable age and institutional character Bernard Shaw is still busily engaged in sowing his wild oats. The truly colossal accumulation of his works does not seem to cool his ardor for the wanton play of his intellect. His prefaces haven't lost a jot of their racy and arrogant dogmatism; and the plays, written in smart journalese and at all times steering clear of the sensual reality of life, still serve as hangers for the display of generalized ideational schemes. As ever, the reader receives jolt after jolt by Mr. Shaw's wilful juxtaposition of real insights into the ills of society with illiterate political observations and bits of amusing social fantasy. Throughout the volume intoxicated speculation collides head on with sober philosophy borrowed from Marxism (acknowledged at intervals, but not without a sly back-bite). It might be suggested, however, that Mr. Shaw errs in cunning and not in ignorance. Quite early in his career Mr. Shaw understood the central significance of the class war and the sterility of any cure except Socialism; but he also grasped the fact that British capitalism would easily last his time, as John Strachey so aptly put it.

Too True To Be Good is an ideological melodrama devoted to proving the age-old moral that the rich are not having a good time either; at least this is the warning sounded in the preface. But this thesis is somewhat belied by the body of the play, where we observe various opulent ladies and gentlemen enjoying themselves hugely, notwithstanding their numerous protests to the contrary. Since I refuse to accept Mr. Shaw's premises regarding the nature of good plays, I will merely state that this play is altogether too smart to be good. What really interests us is the preface, wherein the author, determined to win his debate with Mr. Chesterton at all costs, expounds the idea that the struggle between Communism and Capitalism is really the struggle between the Catholic Church and the Empire continued under new auspices; and that, furthermore, the only way to remove the present evils of society is by surrendering the government to a body of picked men, who from birth, it seems, have been endowed with the capacity to become "qualified rulers." Of course, it really makes no difference what class these men are picked from and who does the picking. Mr. Shaw drags the Russian Revolution in and out of his argument, trying to prove that this is what happened in Russia. Nevertheless, he is willing to admit that Fascism can do the job just as well, although he qualifies the admission somewhat by wistfully remarking that "Fascism is still wavering between Empire and Church, between private property and Communism."

Village Wooing is a slight playlet in which for the hundredth time Mr. Shaw reiterates the ancient South African maxim that a man chases a woman until she catches him, and states that the bodily contacts of men and women are neither decorous nor convenient. This latter point is at present hardly of great interest to the reviewer, although at a pinch he is prepared to defend the contrary opinion.

With *On the Rocks,* the most substantial play of the lot, Shaw sails into the maelstorm of the present economic and political crisis, to emerge with the conclusion that what is needed is a dictatorship—of efficient people in general, not of the working class. The people of Great Britain are yearning for a dictator, for they are dog-tired of "ruling themselves." Sir Arthur, the prime minister of the British government, who chooses the path of dictatorship for the good of rich and poor alike, undoubtedly voices his creator's beliefs when he heart-breakingly proclaims the fact that "There is no class war; the working class is hopelessly divided against itself . . . There is the eternal war between those who are in the world for what they can get out of it and those who are in the world to make it a better place for everybody to live in." Such rabid clericalism should not be passed over with the excuse that Mr. Shaw is incurably erratic and that it's a lot of fun anyway. It should be branded for what it is.

Inasmuch as Shaw invents his characters and situations, giving their straw bodies only a thin covering of conversational verisimilitude, it is relatively easy for him to pretend to have proven his points. In *On the Rocks,* for example, despite the clash between seemingly proletarian and bourgeois characters, he never really establishes a struggle of antithetical opposites—which is the only sound basis for a truly dramatic inevitability. The contending characters do not represent mutually exclusive and opposed tendencies. It is no trouble at all to end the play on a note of class collaboration when the labor characters are such people as Hipney, a popular "philosopher" who believes it was a mistake to extend the suffrage to the lower classes, and Brollikins, a somewhat flighty intellectual who, notwithstanding her verbal ferocity, falls in love with the would-be dictator's son and marries into the family. Thus, moved by the demonic power of sophistry, Mr. Shaw arrives at what is nearly a sexual solution of the class struggle!

Not so long ago Archibald MacLeish complained that the poet is no longer able to identify the living world. This, to a lesser degree perhaps, is also true of Shaw, who will take on to prove anything for the sheer love of manipulating ideas, not to mention the fame and security accruing therefrom.

PHILIP RAHV.

What Liberals Can't Learn

RUSSIA TODAY: WHAT WE CAN LEARN FROM IT, by Sherwood Eddy. Farrar and Rinehart. $2.50.

Dr. Eddy begins this book with a long apologetic foreword and three chapters on "Bureaucracy and the Denial of Liberty," "Violence and Compulsion," and "Dogmatism, Atheism and Anti-Religion." He ends with two chapters calling for the reformation of religion and a new mystical interpretation of history. Between these chapters he writes about the success of the first Five Year Plan, the achievements of social planning, the new penology, care of children and education, and other triumphs of socialist construction with grudging praise—at times with glowing admiration. Eddy does not fit into the same category as Dr. Will Durant, Isaac Don Levine, Carveth Wells, and other anti-Soviet propagandists. This glorified Y. M. C. A. secretary is one of those "sincere and honest" liberals who can see both sides of every question. In Eddy's speech to the Nazis in Berlin last summer, he told them how much he deplored their anti-Semitism and terroristic methods—but he found elements in Hitlerism which gave him hope!

Such wonderful tolerance and fairness qualify him, says the Dean of Canterbury, to give the world at long last the truth about the land of the Soviets. Eddy is a Christian and a staunch defender of our Anglo-Saxon ideals of liberty and democracy, but "he never allows these things to hinder acknowledgment of Russia's astonishing achievements nor praise for her nobler accomplishments." So the Dean of Canterbury, in whose garden Eddy "found a haven of refuge" to write this book, blesses it for its courage in being "as vigorous in its indictment as it is generous in its praise." These two holy men call upon the Christian world to imitate the noble deeds of the Bolsheviks, but to reject Bolshevism. (Mustn't spank the naughty saboteurs.) And the Bolsheviks should learn about religion, democracy, and liberty from us. Thus, they say, will take place a "mutual enrichment." Oh Christ that died upon the cross!

"The four chief evils of the Soviet system," according to Eddy's indictment, "are a paralyzing and inefficient bureaucracy, the essential denial of liberty, the danger of violence and compulsion, and a narrow and exclusive dogmatic basis, as illustrated by the dogmatic atheism of every Communist." Run over this list. It is apparent that the evils of bureaucracy and inefficiency, the denial of liberty, and the use of violence exist in every capitalist country to a far greater degree than in the U.S.S.R., and the Soviet Union is the only country where these evils, insofar as Eddy's

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criticisms have any validity, are frankly recognized as a matter of state policy and where drastic action is being taken to eliminate them. The Soviet Union is the only country where compulsion is gradually disappearing as a weapon that is becoming unnecessary and real democracy is being realized by the working class. As for atheism, the philosophy of historic materialism, to which Eddy objects—is materialism more "dogmatic" than mysticism? Eddy thinks these "evils" so serious that he is surprised that any good thing can come out of Soviet Russia. He fails completely to understand that the triumphs of socialist construction flow from Marxism, which is not dogmatic, and from Leninist tactics in the class struggle, including the dictatorship of the proletariat and the "ruthless" use of force when necessary against those class enemies who, if not destroyed, would destroy the Soviets and bring back the blessings of capitalism, such as unemployment, mass misery, fascist terrorism, and also religious superstition.

Eddy calls the Soviet Government tyrannical and repressive. But Dr. Harry F. Ward, teacher in the Union Theological Seminary, chairman of the Methodist Federation for Social Service and of the American Civil Liberties Union, to whom freedom and spiritual values are surely as precious as to Dr. Eddy, has a different opinion. He writes in a far better book, *In Place of Profit,* that the Soviet Government "is in fact government of the workers, by the workers and for the workers. It is a proletarian state . . . The repressive aspect of the dictatorship (against the kulaks and bourgeoisie) is only instrumental, its main objective is constructive. The purpose of the dictatorship is to establish Socialism in which classes and dictatorship will be abolished." Ward shows how the state is already developing proletarian democracy. As the need for force against its enemies disappears, this proletarian state uses persuasion instead of compulsion, as in the collectivization campaign. Ward quotes Stalin and other party leaders who severely rebuked party members for the "unjustifiable use of administrative compulsion, inimical to Leninism." Persecution and terrorism against workers and farmers are not Leninist tactics, and those who resort to such methods violate party discipline and are expelled. Ward says that the Bolsheviks lead because they enjoy the confidence of the masses, who are led where they are first convinced they want to go.

Eddy reveals his bankruptcy, and that of other liberals and "religious radicals," in his final plea for a "reformation of religion," in his thesis that "Soviet tyranny and Anglo-Saxon injustice can learn from each other," in his appeal for support of the New Deal as the alternative to Communism. He writes that in the U.S.S.R. there is justice but no liberty, in the U.S.A. there is liberty but no justice! He admits the collapse of capitalism, he admits that the church is and always has been a reactionary institution on the side of the ruling class, but he prays for a messiah, a prophet who will arouse Christians, miraculously reform the church, and lead all good people out of the wilderness into a land flowing with socialist milk and honey. Eddy hails the N.R.A. as the first step in this miraculous, peaceful transformation!

For the most devastating answer to Eddy's mystical nonsense, his silly moralizing, read the speeches of Stalin, Molotov, and Kaganovitch to the 17th Party Congress now being held in Moscow. With Bolshevik realism they face the problems to be solved in the next four years. Read especially what they said about how to fight against bureaucracy and inefficiency and other defects which still exist in Soviet society, for the elimination of which the Bolsheviks, and only the Bolsheviks, have a realistic and effective program. Eddy's futile, ineffectual "religious liberalism" can only aid the enemy, leading to fascism not to socialism.

LISTON N. OAK.

Tinkers of the Twilight

OUR ECONOMIC SOCIETY AND ITS PROBLEMS: A Study of American Levels of Living and How to Improve Them. By Rexford Guy Tugwell and Howard C. Hill. Harcourt, Brace & Co. $2.50.

Though according to the authors this work has been less than ten years in the making, it is a genuinely monumental and painstakingly detailed contribution to the prevailing sociological confusion. It earns the palm because its illusions are so profuse and because they are produced without apparatus like Justism, Musteism, Social Credit, Technocracy, or other self-aligning hickeys or jigs. The operators have nothing up their sleeves. They step right up to the footlights and fineigle the simple stuff of industry, commerce, farming, and social life and history into forms so frazzled that the results are fit for hardly anything but the instruction of the nation's youth; and the summaries of findings and lists of problems at intervals show that here indeed is what the nation's youth in not a few institutions is going to get.

The authors exhibit a certain unfamiliarity with the economic life of the ancient world. On page 5, for example, they say that no Athenian or Roman residence had a bathroom, a piped interior water supply, or sanitary arrangements. The fact is that Roman plumbers laid many private water lines of lead pipe in the ancient days; that the flush type of toilet antedates Rome, and that hot-water heating plants in private homes were not unknown to the Empire. . . . Nor am I too confident of the authors' knowledge of modern industry. They fail to identify understandably the characteristic working principles of reciprocating and rotary engines. Their definition of the internal-combustion engine does not differentiate it from the steam engine; they fail to indicate the difference between the explosion type of internal-combustion engine and the type in which ignition is by compression; their description of the internal-combustion working cycle does not include the Diesel engine's, and their description of the Diesel engine does not include internal combustion. On page 195 they refer to a photographed drop hammer (steam lift, gravity release, sliding between vertical uprights, commonly applied to repetitive production—by fixed forging dies—of standard parts) as a *trip* hammer (power lift, gravity release, laterally mounted on pivoted arm, No mention is made of the high-pressure boiler, and on page 196 the increased efficiency due mainly to this innovation is credited to "mechanical firing" and "the use of pulverized fuel."

Is this criticism meticulous and trivial? Well, it deals with some of the simple developments—at least they are simple now they are developed—of the world of industry which Messrs. Tugwell and Hill consider important enough to include in their survey of the economic scene. They are in large part what make the wheels go round throughout the present economic pattern. Why shouldn't the authors take a little pains to learn about them before writing about them? Why depend on the student to carry the necessary knowledge to correct a very misinformative text?

Unless the student who confronts the Tugwell-Hill survey has extraordinarily good fortune in securing help from Leftward sources, he will stand much less chance of correcting the text on the social and historic side. Can anyone unaided by Marxian sources see in the following the ruthless rise of the "merchant

Parched Earth

by
Arnold B. Armstrong

Wholly original and extraordinarily moving is this first novel of a bitter feud between the haves and the have-nots in a small California valley town.

Granville Hicks says: "It shows a profound and truly Marxian insight into the action of social forces and their effect on individual lives."

"Frankly, a propaganda novel. The illegitimate idiot son might be said to stand for the Fascist movement"—N. Y. Times.

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nobles and ennobled merchants" of post-Tudor times?

> Regulations that had been useful during the guild era proved harmful when the guilds declined. As a result strong governments swept away the medieval regulations and set up new codes under the mercantile system, in order to place industry under efficient managers, to coördinate national finances, to rid the seas of pirates, and to conduct exploration and colonization in the new lands to the west.

Equally interesting is the authors' assertion that agricultural improvement in the 18th century "set free" great numbers of people for participation in the new industries, since increased efficiency of food production delivered them from worry about sustenance. When it is considered that expropriation largely *preceded* agricultural improvement, that the quantity of food procurable for an English wage decreased constantly from about 1500 until the repeal of the Corn Laws, and that these laws were kept in force by the "advanced agriculturalists" as long as possible—until at least 25 percent of the population was receiving public relief, that is to say,—one wonders whether the large amount of possibly accurate material on contemporary finance, commerce and agriculture included by Tugwell and Hill can avail to balance even passably the weight of their preposterous sociological "errors." I use the quotation marks because it appears to me certain that the vital dialectic of social history has been purposefully eliminated by the authors—their mechanism of social change is almost 100 percent "rotary" in its operation. "Laissez faire," they say, "also met the needs of business and community life," and "such conditions in the United States in the nineteenth century made laissez faire a policy of wisdom, because it aided in the economic development of the country."

It is one thing to say that, given certain circumstances, time and place, a sequence of developments could hardly have been otherwise than it was. It is a far different thing to say that the sequence represented functional efficiency or social wisdom. The Tugwell-Hill opus is thoroughly underlain with such false assumptions, shot through with logic no less false, and fringed with conclusions and prescriptions which are false, nebulous, and ultimately not less than dangerous—dangerous as the trappings of a thoroughly material and vicious program of working-class oppression.

MURRAY GODWIN.

Revolution in China

CHINESE DESTINIES, by Agnes Smedley. Vanguard Press. $3.

No one aware of the trend of events will minimize the significance of the world's increasing interest in China, as evidenced among ourselves by any number of recent books about it—everything from Pearl Buck's Christian-ethical romances to the "political" histories of shallow academics, not to speak of such amorous trivia as *The Bitter Tea of General Yen.* From among all these Agnes Smedley's *Chinese Destinies* has risen rapidly to a place apart.

Fired with passion and conviction, *Chinese Destinies* is no anemic fiction of the school of "pure" art. It has been hammered out of the sternest reality, the very stuff of life—forged upon an anvil of hard fact by a master craftsman, already widely known as a novelist of great distinction.

With a heart to feel, a mind to understand, and a sensitive pen to record the mighty drama in the lives of hundreds of millions of Chinese workers and peasants as they fight in life-and-death struggle to free themselves at last from their oppressors, both native and foreign, Agnes Smedley makes one's ears actually ring with the call to proletarian revolution as she herself heard it sounding across mountain and plain from Manchuria to Indo-China, from Shanghai to Sinkiang. In the rice and wheat fields, in the mines and factories, along the waterfront and in the most distant inland villages. A clarion call, sharp, clear, insistent, that has set the capitalist world to trembling, for in the capitalist-imperialist economy the "problem" of China has long been central.

One vast official *plunderbund,* rotten to the core, has all of China at its mercy for the moment—all of China except that considerable area, already larger than France and fast growing, where the toiling masses have united in their wrath to smash beyond repair capitalist-landlord exploitation. Here some seventy million workers and peasants have organized and disciplined themselves to assure victory to the Soviet power they have created. It is a vital power devoted wholly to the broadest possible advance of human well-being and culture. It has been forced at times to retreat and may have to do so again in face of almost overwhelming odds. But whatever its strategic retreats, the Revolution is ultimately invincible for the one and sufficient reason that it is inspired by the certain knowledge, based on experience and confirmed by example, that the creative power of the working masses alone is capable of rendering the earth a comfortable and ever richer home for all her children—a home full of sunlight with room both for eager, significant, constructive work and happy, fruitful play.

Chinese Destinies tells the heroic, heartening story of the Revolution against a background of black reaction and decay. The stories are told dramatically in simple concrete detail, for to Agnes Smedley the Revolution is no more abstraction, no dry matter of facts and figures, though she cites plenty of these. To her it is a living, thriving thing of flesh and bone, of heart and brain. Read *Peasants and Lords in China, Nanking,* or *Moving Picture of Shanghai* (that "pearl of a city" where in 1930 more than 36,000 people were picked up dead in the gutters, some starved, others frozen)—read these or *Canton Atmosphere,* a running account of is no mere abstraction, no dry matter of facts that the Revolution means life itself to millions. To convince yourself that the Revolution marches, read *The Fall of Shangpo* or that most exciting story of *The Revolt of the Hunan Miners,* who rose to a man against abject slavery and fought their way, three thousand strong, through many hundred miles of hostile territory to reinforce the Red armies. And let those who harbor any doubt about the cultural significance of the Revolution—let them ponder well *The Dedicated* or almost any page at all in *Chinese Destinies.*

"Of course I am a Communist," exclaimed Chang Siao-hung, one of the Dedicated. "What else can any person be who desires that the vast mass of toiling human beings shall become free men, developing for themselves a culture such as has been denied them through all the ages? As a convinced Communist I am working in the ranks of the revolutionary workers and peasants of Central China . . . We started with nothing but the ancient system of brutal ignorance and subjection; today we have schools, hospitals, clubs, dramatic societies—as also free land for all who labor, and our varied political and military defense organs. In this territory I travel far and wide, establishing health institutes, lecturing on public health and hygiene, teaching women the care of themselves and their children . . . You wished to know the rôle I play in China. It is enough to say I am a Communist, for that means I am fighting in the ranks for a new world."

G. F. WILLISON.

Comfort for Mr. Babbitt

FIREWEED, by Mildred Walker. Harcourt, Brace & Company. $2.50.

There is nothing quite so comforting to good middle-class readers these days as assurance that God's still in his heaven and that all is well with the world of bourgeois virtues. This must explain the awarding of the 1933 Hopwood prize at the University of Michigan to this book and the assurance of its publishers that it will make a big hit, for it has little else to recommend it. It is a poor piece of work, technically and otherwise.

Take a glance at the story. The setting is a small lumber town in the northern peninsula of Michigan; the chief characters, Celie Henderson, daughter of a lumber worker, and Joe Linsen, a lumber worker himself. Celie works in the company store, but is dissatisfied with the dull life of the small town. She wants to make good in the big city, but just when it appears that her ambitions might be realized, Joe seduces her and they are married. Marriage merely accentuates her desire to escape into the world of cities and big buildings and easy money, but along comes a baby and the discontent is, for a while, stilled.

Inevitably, it arises again, but little assuaged by Joe's promotion to foreman and the birth of another child. It gives rise to the only rift in their happiness, for she nags Joe to get another job in the city while he is content to stay where they are. Joe loses his

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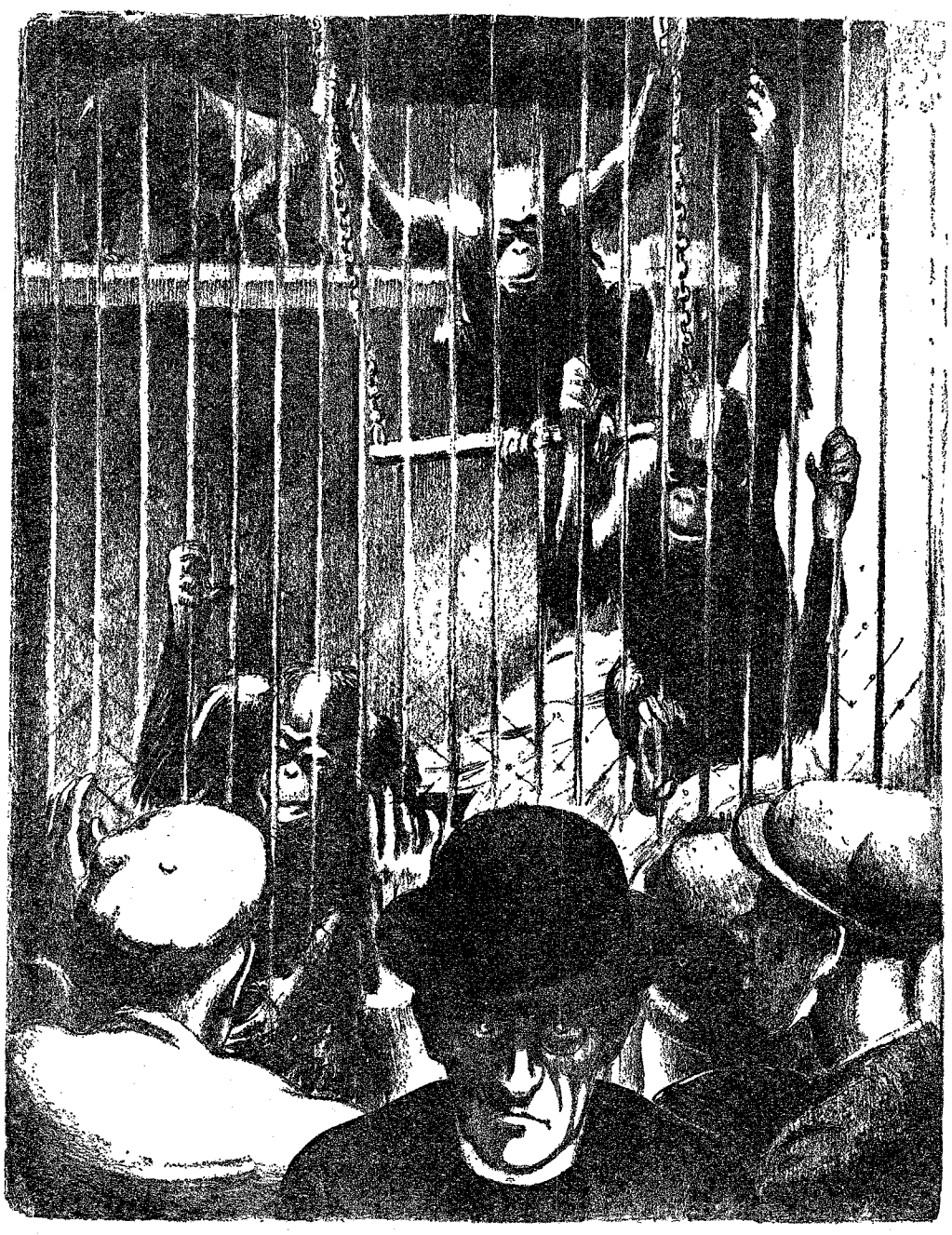

"MY GOD! MAYBE THERE'S SOMETHING IN IT!" — *Mabel Dwight*

job when the mill closes down and Celie sees another chance to escape — but they visit friends in a nearby town, Celie finds their ice-box nearly empty, and she returns to the mill town, disillusioned, content with whatever turns up, happy at last in resigning herself to fate. "She would grow old the way Christina had, but they would be independent like Christina and Ole; Joe would always make a living. She would always have to work hard; there would be more babies and she would look tired like Christina did, but it wouldn't matter, so much . . . Celie wriggled her shoulders a little and felt the warmth deep in her. She gave over thinking in the sheer, lazy content of the day. Whatever fears Celie had for the future she shut her lips tightly upon, like Christina. They would manage all right, she and Joe."

This is the major strain. Two minor chords are struck. One is that of Christina and Ole, Celie's mother and father, who live contented lives through years of hardship, and finally die, uncomplaining victims of the life imposed upon their workers by the lumber barons. The other is that of young Farley, nephew of the big boss of the mill, and his night-club singer wife. In spite of their wealth and easy life, they are frustrated and unhappy. The moral implied in placing them in juxtaposition to the poor but relatively happy Linsens and Hendersons is so obvious as to need no pointing.

The manhandling of the facts demanded by such treatment gives to the book an air of unreality. Life is altogether too sweet in this lumber town—there is none of that riotous drunkenness, that brooding melancholy and bitterness, which are so common in these small, isolated company towns. Nor is there a breath of social discontent, of that legacy of militancy which loggers of the past have bequeathed to those of today. The only expression of the crisis' effects is a futile attempt of "them damned fool Austrians and Polacks" to burn down the mill.

The technical flaws of the book spring from this inability, or unwillingness, to face the implications of the subject—for, after all, one can afford fully to develop characters and situations only when one will dare the conclusions inherent in such treatment. Miss Walker is not willing to do that, as I have indicted above, with the result that her characters never quite come alive, and that in many instances they do not act in accord with their own being. Is it reasonable to suppose that Celie, the discontented, ambitious young woman would suddenly voice such a philosophy as that expressed above simply because a friend's ice-box was empty? Further, this discontent of hers leads to many clashes between her and Joe, but just when the storm clouds gather the scene suddenly shifts and when we return to them everything is sweet and lovely.

Proletarian writers, who have been under fire for their stylistic crudities, can take heart at this book. Whatever their faults may be, they cannot be reproached with evading the conflicts inherent in their characters and situations. This willingness to meet the issues, to solve them, is what actually creates a strong, and ultimately a great, literature. Miss Walker is wasting her talent in warming the anaemic bourgeoisie. Why doesn't she come over to our side? We can give her the strength and courage which will give her work, body and honesty. The other way lie sterility and decay.

JAMES STEELE.

Brief Review

THE PUPPET-SHOW ON THE POTOMAC by Rufus Dart, II. McBride. $2.50.

The anonymous Dart, II, confines himself for the most part to the sort of thing infant newsboys know, but, though he is a bore, he manages to spray plenty of poison around. He tells with great gusto, for example, how "that handsome and gracious man," Warren G. Harding, broke a strike: "With Machiavellian skill he invited the strike leaders into the White House, led them through its rooms —not forgetting the study of Abraham Lincoln, friend of the slaves—and then escorted them into the Cabinet room itself. It was an object lesson in history. It sent into every man a sense that he was an American first and a striker second." Dart, of course, remains discreetly silent about the object lesson in American history which featured the little Green House on K Street. He does, however, point with pride to Hugh L. Kerwin, chief of the strike-breaking Conciliation Department of the Department of Labor, "who must have saved the country hundreds of millions of dollars, and the country may rejoice that he's still on the job, saving it millions more." Rufus Dart, II, is probably one of the leading lights of the N.R.A. publicity division. If not, the predatory Blue Eagle has missed a useful pen.

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In the Money

The Prudent Questioners

WHY doesn't somebody ask former Postmaster General Brown about President Hoover's persistent favors to the Pitney-Bowes Postage Meter Co., as exposed on this page several weeks ago? Better yet, why don't they subpoena Herbert Hoover? It is to laugh. This business of senatorial investigation is carried through for the purpose of recreating faith in the government, not of undermining it further, and the honor of the Presidential office is a basic concept of that faith. Only those who care more about uncovering corruption than of maintaining capitalism will want to put Mr. Hoover on th stand. How many such people are there in the United States Senate?

It is not only in the Senate that investigators find it desirable to hold their zeal in check. The New York State Attorney General's office recently conducted an investigation into manipulation of the common stock of the Atlas Tack Co., which advanced on the New York Stock Exchange last year from 1½ to 34¾, and then fell 17¾ points in two days. Attorney General Bennett concluded his investigation by declaring: "I am convinced that numerous people throughout the United States have sustained serious losses due to practices which, in my opinion, were both unfair and fraudulent." A certain Mr. Philbin, president of the Atlas Tack Co., is now about to be punished for these crimes. The Attorney General remains discreetly silent, however, about the fact that a prominent member of the board of directors was Kermit Roosevelt, son of the late Theodore Roosevelt. It would seem that under certain circumstances not only Presidents, but even the sons of Presidents, are immune.

A Profit They Couldn't Resist

Speaking of investigations, the much-investigated New York Stock Exchange is conducting one on its own hook right now which promises to be extremely interesting if the findings are not suppressed. It is a side-issue of the airmail contract scandal. Readers will remember that various aviation companies lost their contracts for carrying U. S. mail after it was shown that the contracts had been secured under dubious circumstances. Incidentally, the companies had been paid more than $78,000,000 for the fiscal years 1930, 1931, 1932, and up to December 31, 1933, on the basis of more than twice as much carrying space as was actually needed or used—involving excess payments during this period of about $46,800,000. But that is not the point of the present item. The contracts were cancelled. They were cancelled by President Roosevelt himself, in a special statement issued late in the afternoon of February 9th. Which was bad for the stocks of the mail-carrying companies. So bad in fact that United Aircraft & Transport common, which the week before had been selling above 35, lost about a third of its market price. The important thing, however, is that *the drop in the price of the stock began before the airmail contracts were cancelled.* There were heavy short sales of United Aircraft common on February 8th and February 9th. A good proportion of these sales has been traced to Washington. That is what the New York Stock Exchange is investigating.

Who profited by the cancellation of the infamous airmail contracts? We may never know. Anyway, it is plain that the punishment of infamy is by no means always an entirely profitless pursuit in capitalist America. Betting that United Aircraft common would go down was a sure thing to those who knew what the President was going to do. They simply couldn't resist it. Perhaps the cancellation of the contracts itself had no motive more mercenary than political necessity—but even that idea cannot be accepted too confidently.

Collective Bargaining Under N.R.A.

Although the National Industrial Recovery Act contains a definite "open shop" clause, many apologists of the act have represented it as insuring collective bargaining for the workers. Similarly, they have represented General Johnson's National Recovery Administration (N.R.A.) as guaranteeing the enforcement of the act in this respect. Well, it is all so much horseradish. The National Industrial Conference Board has just completed a survey of collective bargaining conditions under the N.R.A. which tells quite a different story. Reports were received from 3,314 companies in the manufacturing and mining industries. The results are given below in the board's own tabulation:

Method of Dealing with Employer	*Number of Employees*	*Percent of Total*
"Individually"	1,180,580	45.7
"Through employee representation"	1,164,294	45.0
"Through organized labor unions"	240,866	9.3

The figures speak for themselves.

Reconsidering the Budgets

Commentators on President Roosevelt's staggering budgetary deficit of $7,000,000,000 for 1933-4 have tended to ignore that the items involved relate largely to the past. The fiscal year ends next June. Most of the appropriations were voted by Congress long ago. But the President presented two budgets. When this fact is pondered upon and the reasons for it explored, the 1934-5 budget is the one that becomes the center of the picture. And here is a budget that is in truth staggering. What staggers is not the magnitude of the estimated deficit for the fiscal year beginning next June, but its comparative smallness. The budget is actually brought into balance except for a special fund of $2,000,000,000 that may or may not be used. The President plainly implies that the era of extraordinary expenditures will end within the next few months.

What does the 1934-5 budget propose? That once last year's $3,300,000,000 appropriation for public works is exhausted there shall be no further important gesture of creating employment by means of public works. No direct appropriations whatever have been requested for public works; it is suggested that a possible $500,000,000 of the $2,000,000,000 special fund is to be utilized for this purpose. Nor is any appropriation asked for the Civil Works Administration. The annual budget for the Civilian Conservation Corps is cut from $342,000,000 to $65,000,000. Miscellaneous emergency expenditures are to be reduced from $418,000,000 to $203,000,000. The only increase other than for "national defense" is one of $203,000,000 for the A.A.A., more than half offset by processing taxes, to be paid in the last analysis by the consuming masses to the extent that they can afford to consume.

The two budgets were issued together because they made a brave show of aggregate expenditure, while at the same time reassuring American capitalism that, for all his spectacular outbursts against "ruthless exploitation," the President has no intention of pursuing recovery at the expense of the capitalist class. Significantly, nothing was proposed that called for increasing the taxes of the wealthy, notwithstanding the obvious emergency.

The New York Times quotes an editorial in the Boston Herald to the effect that in his three last public messages President Roosevelt has referred to business profits. A leading Wall Street brokerage firm, E. F. Hutton & Co. (of the Barbara Hutton-Mdivanis), gives space in its market letter to an interpretation of Walter Lippmann that "the President has based his whole financial program for the remainder of his administration on the principle that, beginning not later than this coming July, private enterprise and private investment must be stimulated."—How effective the stimulus is likely to be is another story.

MARKET FOLLOWER.

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St. Louis Artists Win

ORRICK JOHNS

THE old court house of St. Louis has gathered the grime of Illinois bloody bituminous, and soaked up the poisonous acids of St. Louis air for nearly a century. Negro slaves were sold at auction on its broad stairs. Its flaky old colored stones have been spattered with the life-stream of Civil War heroes, street-car strikers, suicides, cyclone victims and oldtime ready-gun fighters.

Four or five years ago the lawyers and judges abandoned it for a fine new skyscraper. By a freak of fate artists took their places, and its big corridors and domed rotunda were filled with all the unsold canvases in St. Louis studios. Probably there never was such a large collection of bad art indiscriminately thrown together in one building. Decayed culture took the place of decayed justice.

The entire space, some eighteen or twenty huge rooms, was arrogantly hogged by the St. Louis Art League, under an agreement of free rent, light and heat in return for "upkeep." The Art League consists actually of one moss-grown ex-museum-curator, who once tipped his hat to Whistler, and has become the tool of a younger, slicker group of art racketeers. Various shady activities go on, an annual rowdy ball run for profit, and a languid art class.

The John Reed Club became cognizant of this situation and at a meeting some months ago, a committee was appointed to demand space. At the time, Joe Jones had just returned from Provincetown, bent on a final decisive swing toward revolutionary art. Jones, in his twenties, is easily the most important artist in St. Louis, and his work has had national notice. He comes from a working class background and himself has been a house-painter.

Jones agreed to teach a class of unemployed art students, without fee, giving criticism on two nights weekly. His conditions were that the class should have a room under lock and key, free of all dictation, that students of every color and race should be admitted, and that all facilities, models, materials, etc., should be available on equal terms without charge.

The first appearance of the committee was greeted with the cry of "reds," and a campaign of villification (that still goes on after the fight has been won). It is useless to bore experienced readers with all the dodges, delays, lies, alibis and other evasions put up by the racketeers, who saw with alarm that some people of determination and vigorous ideas were attempting not only to take their space but to overshadow them in importance. Many signatures were obtained to a petition, and two or three liberals helped actively, but the real decisive factor was the obvious seriousness and solidarity of the class itself. One of the best rooms in the building was obtained, large and light—and without strings to it.

The first class that gathered numbered about twenty, but the average for the first month was higher than that, and on one night there were as many as fifty, without accommodations for them all. About one half are Negroes, and among these are some of the best talents. A considerable group of students, men and women, has deserted from the fashionable Washington University art school to study with Jones. Jones' policy is to give them all hard work, a sound preliminary practice in form, and let the real workers emerge from the mass of dilettantes and those who copy photographs of Mr. and Mrs. Roosevelt, or want to jump at once into nude drawing.

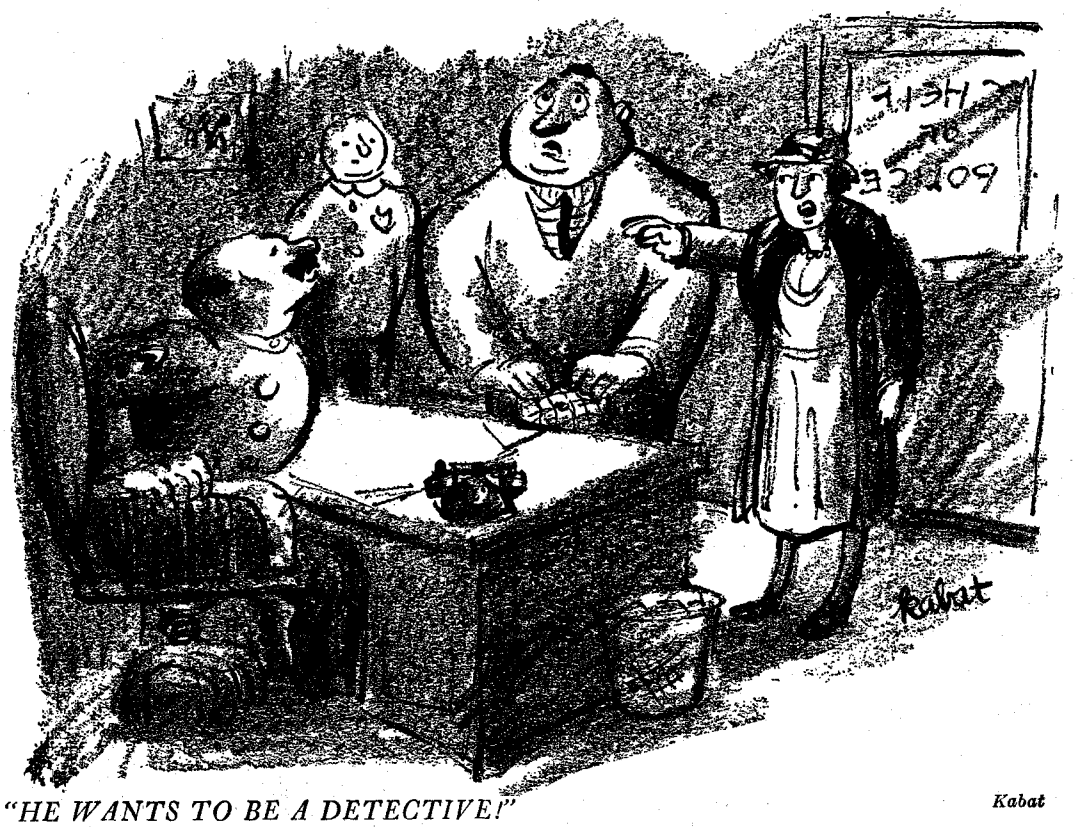
The growth of the class has required giving critical direction on four nights instead of two, and the room is kept open all day from ten in the morning to eleven at night, for the half dozen who are always at work.

At one end of the room is a wall, 37 by 16 feet, broken only by a small door. The idea came early to Jones to do a collective mural on this wall. He prepared the cartoon, a scene on the Mississippi levee, dominated on one side by a span of Eads bridge and on the other by a big steamboat; and built up with a dozen scenes of levee workers, bonus marchers, unemployed, and typical river-front groups. One, for example, is a Negro baptism which merges into a demonstration of the victorious Nut-picker strikes last year, in which several members of the John Reed Club took an active part.

The liberal group got together a fund of nearly $100 for material, the wall was lined with beaverboard and the work begun. A certain number of students had already shown their aptitude for revolutionary drawings, making spontaneous panels of working class subjects. Jessie Housley, a talented Negro girl, is working on figures for the baptism, Celia Schwartz, member of the John Reed Club, is doing the detail of the Nut-pickers' demonstration. Others working directly on the mural are Foster and Fred Alston, both Negroes. Alston is a high school teacher. Jones allows wide initiative before his own finishing, and the result is real originality.

Jones himself is indefatigable and full of resources. He has outwitted the opposition in spite of a filthy campaign of white chauvinism and "moral" calumny. He is a rare combination of politician and hard-hitter, of uncompromising leadership and sympathetic teaching.

The Unemployed Art Class is solidly entrenched in the old court house, and more space will be obtained for cultural revolutionary activities. The reaction of the observer to the class at work is powerful. The feeling on entering the old room—where the judge's bench still stands elevated above the floor between the tall windows—would sound exaggerated if you tried to describe it. It is as if in this abandoned fortress of the old order, of the farce of capitalist justice, a new revolutionary life had already taken hold and was flourishing. If an attempt is made to dislodge it now the ensuing struggle will have resounding effects. One big result of the movement will be the Jones collective mural itself.



"HE WANTS TO BE A DETECTIVE!" — *Kabat*

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Voices from Germany

ON Saturday Albert took a three-day leave from duty at the concentration camp. He arrived home in the early afternoon.

His father opened the door. They looked at each other in surprise. Neither said a word. Albert had expected his mother to be at the door. His father said: "Come on in."

He thrust the door of the room open and walked heavily to the table. Albert followed him. They sat down. Albert felt strangely excited. It wasn't until later that he realized that this feeling had been a desire for friendship. Again they looked searchingly into each other's face. Each found that the other had changed a great deal. First of all, his hands, thought Albert, are more wrinkled and gnarled. His face doesn't shine as it used to. His hair is thiner. He's getting old. Albert also noticed with surprise that the picture above the bed had been removed. So, father did take old Marx off the wall. Still, there was no chance that father had changed his mind. The picture wasn't there, but in its place there appeared a sharp-edged, light rectangle that made the pink roses of the wallpaper stand out brightly.

"Just came to see you folks," said Albert, shakily. "I'm on leave. How're things?"

"We're managing. Maybe it'll get worse. It hasn't been so hot, you know. I got fired. I got fired, and the papers say that unemployment is decreasing. Lotta nerve, ain't it?"

Albert was shocked. Father out of work —must be hard on mother.

"They fired you, 'cause they got suspicious of you. That's why. You must have done something," replied Albert. He was astonished at himself. How aggressive he was!

"Now listen! Nobody there knew a thing about me. Even your pals in the Nazi units started a fuss about the firing, a bigger fuss than anybody ever made before. But right after that, some party functionaries came and they scolded the workers even worse than our old party bosses used to do. These, my boy, are the important issues you should think about. That would set your head right, and quick too!"

The old man filled his pipe with some dark tobacco and started to smoke. Albert opened the collar of his shirt. His hands seemed to look browner. He liked those brown hands. A cloud of smoke passed by his head and dissolved in the window. It was a familiar smell to him. Father still smoked the same cheap biting tobacco as in the old days.

Albert made up his mind to have a decent talk with his father. At first he was silent. The old man started: "Lots of things have happened since you were here last. There was plenty of fireworks, and lots of nice speeches. But that's about all in politics. I'm sure you like it, because you don't see what's actually going on. You are satisfied. Everything seems okay to you."

Albert leaned back. The talk didn't interest him.

"And what do you think, they've killed your friend, little red Otto?" asked his father.

Albert looked up, terribly shocked. He was so stunned that even later he didn't know how he had felt in that moment. The expression on his father's face was solemn. It left no doubt; they have killed Otto.

Albert raised his hand slowly, laid it on the table, and began to press the wood with all the strength of his fingers. He swallowed a few times. He pictured Otto's smile and imagined he heard his low always mournful voice. He had expected to talk to Otto the next day. He had been enjoying the thought of sitting with him somewhere or strolling with him through the streets. That was over now. They have killed Otto.

"Who did it, for heaven's sake?"

The old man was startled. He held the cold pipe in his hands. He hadn't expected Albert to be so shocked. He pulled his chair nearer to his son and said hastily:

"Your people, feller!"

He searched Albert's face wh e he continued:

"Quite a simple matter. If y are not going to be stubborn about it, you oo will find it simple. Today, my boy, there is nothing left for us, but to keep all that dirty work on our minds, for later on. The bill gets bigger. And I hope that at the time this bill will be ready you'll have gotten rid of your damned, lousy, brown rags. You must come to your senses, after all! I too had to learn, until I realized that the system under Weimar was just as capitalistic as under the Kaiser or under Hitler. And you'll see, if you haven't realized it yet, that nothing has nor will be changed under Hitler. Tell me, is it different now, *is it?* Look here, I'm not so young any more, but if the day comes—and it will come as sure as I'm sitting here—and somebody will say: Here, your son is on the other side of the barricade!—then I shall not hesitate to pull the trigger, all the same. I want to be honest and tell you that. I always blame myself that I'm partly responsible for your damned way of thinking!"

The old man sat still and breathed heavily. He slowly filled his pipe again and lit it with great fuss.

"You see, Otto knew too much," he said. "The case was being investigated by some reliable people; not Nazi state attorneys, of course, but by good and honest proletarians. You haven't got the slightest notion how strong the Commune really is. The devil knows why Otto got himself mixed up with the investigation of that murder. And, first of all, how he found out about it. He certainly was one who had joined the Nazi ranks with the wrong ideas. My God, he was so young, and politically he was a baby. Aw, it's all the same. Anyway, they found his corpse, sewn in a sack, near the mouth of the *Teltow Canal.* Sewn in a sack, his face trampled on, and with a nice clean bullet hole in his back!"

The old man had finished, and Albert was thinking what a corpse would look like when the sack is opened. He never had believed that his people had sewn any of his party friends into a burlap bag and thrown it into the Elbe River near Dresden. Still, he didn't doubt that they killed Otto in that manner. So, he wouldn't see Otto tomorrow, and he had been looking forward to their talk so much.

He took a cigarette and reached for matches. His father gave him some. Albert inhaled deeply and blew the smoke slowly into the air. Then he said calmly: "Why do we talk at all? There is no sense to it! You'll never be able to convince me. Sure, lots of things today are being done in a wrong way. But that will change soon."

His own words struck him as ridiculous while he was talking. He got up hesitantly. The old man looked with half-closed eyes at him through a cloud of blue smoke. Before Albert left, he said thoughtfully:

"You're too good for that gang, much too good. If they didn't have you boys—what could they do without you? Damn it, why don't you realize where you belong!"

Out in the kitchen, Albert met his mother. Her hair was not fixed and her face looked worn and empty. Her eyes did not get any warmer after she had scrutinized his face long and silently. Albert wondered why she was not at all glad to see him.

"So, you are here again," she said finally. "It doesn't seem to be much fun to watch those poor devils in your camp all the time, eh?"

He kissed her. She remained cold. Father influences her, he thought. Then he decided not to stay longer, he didn't want to talk to his mother any more. At the door he waited for a few seconds to see whether she would call him back. But today—unlike the other times —she didn't ask him to stay. As he didn't know where else he could sleep, he said roughly:

"Fix me a bed, I'm coming home tonight."

On the stairway he gave way to a despair which he couldn't overcome. A despair he had never experienced before.

—*Translated by Andor Braun.*

From a novel "Shot While Attempting to Escape," by W. Schönstedt. Published by Editions due Carrefour, Paris, 1934.

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Music

A RECENT dispatch from Russia tells of the government sending the Moscow Philharmonic Orchestra, together with a group of young soloists of high artistic calibre, into the Donetz mining region, to play a series of 24 concerts for the workers. Preliminary explanatory talks, lectures and exhibits of the music to be played prepare the auditors for an intelligent approach to this great experience.

In the midst of the virtual collapse of musical enterprises in this country, which hitherto we have become accustomed to considering unchangeable and permanent, we find the government, not inspiring workers through music, but through the C.W.A., attempting to allay the distress, fears and cries of a pitifully small group of the unemployed—by the presentation of hastily organized ensembles of destitute musicians, in concerts in museums, school buildings, etc. These auditors, as well as players, are in no way prepared for this desperate, and what will eventually be recognized as a futile attempt to alleviate their sufferings—and at the same time stifle their protests.

But comparisons between organization and chaos are at best invidious, and by no means give a true picture of what is taking place musically in this country. Like many other forces in our national life which are springing from the deepest sources, and which are daily gaining momentum, there are new musical developments of tremendous undercurrent which will eventually sweep everything before them. This is not apparent to the casual observer or the concert goer who only follows time-worn paths. We are not to be confined to exclaiming, with deep pathos: "How are the Mighty fallen!" but can shout, with supreme optimism, the realization of a modern version of the same fact: "The mighty are fallen; *and how!*"

Notable in musical activities whose roots are deeply imbedded in the soil of the masses, and which are enlisting the whole-hearted cooperation of workers as well as intellectuals meeting on a common basis, are the Workers' Music League; a federation of workers' choruses, bands, string sinfonietta, mandolin, balalaika and other orchestras; and the Pierre Degeyter Club of professional musicians, composers and music lovers.

These organizations have been working indefatigably in the technical preparation of their various ensembles, as well as the creation of new music through the composers' collective of the Pierre Degeyter Club; and a series of events in the near future will enlist their services so that the general public may have the opportunity of hearing and judging their accomplishment. The reaction of the auditors should be of the greatest value and inspiration to these musical workers, and it is to be hoped that all those interested in extraordinary new musical developments, of the utmost cultural value to the masses, capable of inspiring them with fresh vigor and unity, will take advantage of these significant events.

Notable among these approaching musical occurrences are the concert of the Freiheit Gezang Farein, conducted by Jacob Schaefer, to be given Saturday evening, March 3rd, at the Brooklyn Academy of Music; and the International Music demonstration, to be presented by the Workers' Music League, which is a part of the International Music Bureau, at the Civic Repertory Theatre, 14th Street and Sixth Ave., Sunday evening, March 4.

The Freiheit Gezang Farein is a working-class organization of about 300 members, now in the eleventh year of its existence. It is presenting at its Brooklyn Academy of Music concert, a proletarian oratorio, *Two Brothers,* composed by the extremely capable composer-conductor John Schaefer, as well as a group of new Soviet mass songs. The text of *Two Brothers* is by I. L. Peretz, a famous Polish-Jewish author, and is a symbolic poem telling of the misery and strife resulting from the desire and greed for gold and material wealth. The solo part will be sung by Emma Redell, who recently returned from a Soviet concert tour.

The International Music Week is in the nature of a demonstration against Fascism and war, and for the defense of the Soviet Union. Well-known musicians in various countries, professional musicians, composers, instrumentalists, singers, etc., as well as amateur worker-musicians, convene at this time to voice their opposition to Fascism and war. These international musical demonstrations will be held in the United States, England, France, Austria, Germany, China, Japan, etc. The demonstrations in China, Japan and Germany will have to be held illegally. Several large cities in the United States: New York, Boston, Chicago, Los Angeles and Philadelphia will participate.

The program of International Music Week will include, among the speakers, Charles Seeger, a leading musicologist and composer, speaking for the proletarian composers; Lahn Adohmyan, composer and conductor of the Daily Worker Chorus, and other workers' choruses, speaking for the Workers' Music League, of which he was one of the founders four years ago. The music section of the program will include the first performance of "Strange Funeral in Braddock," words by Michael Gold, music by Elie Siegmeister, talented young modern composer. This will be sung by Henry Schroeder, concert baritone, with the composer at the piano. The Shostakovich *piano sonata* will be played by Norman Cazden, an exceedingly gifted young pianist. American and Soviet revolutionary songs are to be performed by the Daily Worker Chorus, Lahn Adohmyan conducting; and the Freiheit chorus, Jacob Schaeffer, conductor.

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